## **SILVAE**

By Publius Papinius Statius (45-96 A.D.)

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Prefatory Note

As much as for any other reason, this present translation of Statius' *Silvae* was undertaken in an effort to expand and improve my knowledge of Latin, myself having becoming a student of that language only late in life.

For the original Latin text, historical and mythological references, and assistance generally in decoding and rendering Statius' often strange and sometimes perplexing verse into English, I am indebted to and relied heavily on J. H. Mozley's version from 1928. Where possible, and for purposes better acquainting myself with grammar and vocabulary, I have purposely striven as much as possible for a literal translation, while endeavoring to preserve the inherent feelings and spirit of the thing. Though well aware of the oft quoted secondary school admonition to not force a word for word approach, all in all I am reasonably satisfied in having been largely successful in securing what seems to me Statius' meaning – though naturally others are more than welcome to judge for themselves.

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## BOOK I

I have deliberated long and much, Stella, best of youths, in our most eminent of callings, which part you have pursued, whether I ought these little books, which by my fervor and pleasant hurrying flowed forth, with each having been produced from my breast, to have sent them out together. For why must I also be burdened as author of this edition, although it has been left behind me, while I still fear for my "Thebaid?" But also we have read "The Gnat" and have even recognized "The Battle of the Frogs," neither is there any of the illustrious poets who did not before hand play lightly in his works with an indulgent pen. Was it late these verses to withhold, when those of whom for honor they have been given to, and you yourself have certainly, have already held? But among others, it is necessary many of these perish out of kindness, since they have lost freshness, which is the only advantage they have. For none of these have been composed in longer than two days, and some streamed forth in individual days. How I fear lest these verses prove themselves to be too much of that sort!

The first book contains a sacred testament: for it must commence with "Jove is the first of all." These hundred verses, on a Great Equestrian [statue] to be made, it commanded to be handed over to our most indulgent Emperor, the day after he dedicated the work. Some will say "you were able to see it beforehand." You will respond to him, most dear Stella, that your marriage song you enjoined to me you know was written in two days. Audaciously by Hercules, but only however three hundred hexameters it has, and perhaps you misled on behalf of a colleague. Certainly Manilius Vopiscus, a most learned man and who especially vindicates from near neglect literature now fled, is accustomed also to glorify my name beyond bounds for our having described his Tibur villa in a single day. A little book dedicated to Rutilius Gallicus convalescing, about which I say nothing, lest I seem to deceive on the occasion of a departed witness. For Claudius Etruscus is a witness, that he received his delayed "Bath" from me within the space of a dinner. At the end are the "December Kalends," which are to be trusted for use: for that most happy night and for public pleasures not yet experienced...



## I. The Great Equestrian Statue of Emperor Domitian.

What colossus stands upon a mound doubled; embraced by the surrounding Latinian forum? Did it stream from heaven completed? Or was the image formed by a Sicilian foundry, that left Steropes and Brontes weary? Or have Palladian hands fashioned for us, Germanicus, such a kind that saw you holding in lofty check the Rhine and the astonished Dacians to their home?

Come now, be it marveled by Fame the name known before in the age of the Dardan horse, which brought down the sacred crown of Dindymon and the leaves of Ida's grove to falling. This not the walls of Pergamum rent asunder could have received, nor could it by a mixed throng of unmarried boys and girls, nor Aeneas himself, have been led in, nor great Hector. Add that that one was carrying dangerous and savage Achaians, this commemorates a tranquil mount: it pleases to see a face with mixed marks of having borne war and placid peace. You should not think anything more true: equal form and beauty, equal honor, the Bistonian steed that carries Mars of highest arms does not outdo it, it disdains great weight; nor seized with delay by coursing rivers nearby, it fumes with a breath that drives forth the great Strymonian billows.

Equal to the work is the place where it rests. Here the constricted entrance he [i.e., Julius Caesar] widens, who wearied with wars, by a gift of an adopted offspring [to the state, i.e., Octavian, later Augustus], first showed us our way to ethereal divinities. He learns also from your expression, how much you, more mild with arms and who not easily given in external furies to rage, instead give trust to Chattians and Dacians. To you bearing by the laws the seal of Caesar he goes, having driven aside the son in law [i.e., Pompey] and Cato [the younger.] But the outstretched sides here protect you with the houses of Julius, there the sublime court of martial Paullus, the father sees the back and Concord with her winning mien.

You yourself have moreover seen, your lofty head looking out on the pure air, the shining temples surrounding; whether new more beautiful palaces, disdaining flames, rise, or whether the torch of Trojan fire silently watches, or having surveyed them Vesta now praises her ministrants. The right hand forbids

you fight, the Tritonian maid [i.e., Minerva] weighs down not the left extending Medusa's head severed at the neck: like a spur bestirring the horse: nothing anywhere is more sweet than the chosen seat of the goddess, not if Father you yourself held her. A breast, which might prevail to unravel the cares of the world, and for which Temese gave all to have exhausted its mines of riches; the cloak goes low down the back; the saber resting secure on the side, with how so great a sword Orion menaces the winter nights and afrights the stars. But the steed, resembling horsemen with a keener souls, raises up its face and threatens a charge; to which on shoulders, with rigid necks, stand manes full of life, great spurs spread widely that they will be relied on for the attack. In place of the vacant grassy earth, the bronze hoof touches the hair of the Rhenish captive. Arion [the horse] of Adrastus would have feared and grown pale seeing him, and as well Cyllarus of Ledaeus from the temple close by. This one will never change the reins of its perpetual lord, nor, with its bridles, serve but a single star!

The soil beneath hardly breathes, the grounds alone are scarcely sufficient for having so much weight settled in upon them; with neither iron nor bronze they labor under, but with the guardian spirit, although the eternal maintains the foundation, which supports the heights of the mind and heaven pouring down and which would harden the worn out knee of Atlas.

No long delay to drag things out. The intense form of the god presently makes pleasing the labors and work themselves, youth marvels the more at what hands can do. The arduous pulse of the machine resounds. The continuous noise proceeds through the seven heights of Mars, and subdues the wandering murmurs of great Rome. The keeper of the site himself [i.e., Curtius], whose memorable name protects the sacred chasm and lake, innumerable raw sounds of brass being struck to bellow he senses in the forum, it stirs wildly the holy face and head of the place that merited the venerable oak wreath. And first the mighty demeanor, immersed in the trembling lake, becomes fearful by the glistening light and thrice greater horse with towering neck; [but] soon cheered by the commanding vision [cries]:

"Hail descendant and father of gods, divinity heard by me from afar! Now my happiness, now the lake to venerate, with you close by, to know your brightness, and to witness your indulgence close by the immortal throne. Once I [was] the author and discoverer of the safety of Romulus' city. You tame the wars of Jove, you the battles of the Rhine, you civil disorders, you by treaty and far off war delayed master the mountain. If my own era had borne you, you had attempted, not I, to go daringly into the deep lake; only Rome your reins would have restrained."

Let the steed of Latium yield, where the fanes of Dion stand at a seat opposite to the forum of Caesar - which you have presented boldly to the Pellacan captain Lysippus, soon amazed with the face of Caesar he bears up by the neck - with no tired light do you scan, how long from there to him is the downward view. Who is ever so green, and who not, that having seen both, how so much it may be said that horses stand apart from each other as princes from princes?

This one dreads neither the winter downpours or the threefold fire of Jove, nor the imprisoned streams of Aeolus, nor the pause of many years: it will stand while the earth and the celestial vault endure, while the Roman days last, here and under the silent night, while those of the earth please proud heaven, and when the remaining multitude will enter into a natural embrace like father, brother, and sister: one neck will give a place for all the stars of heaven to adorn.

Enjoy into perpetuity the gift of a great people and the Senate. The wax of Apelles would long to have chosen and inscribed you in a like image to be placed in the eldest Attic temple of Elean Jove, and your mild countenance Tarentum would prefer, and in your lights mirroring the stars Rhodes would disdain with contempt its own Phoebus. May you approve the fixed lands and what to you in the temple we dedicate, may you honor them; nor may [less than] the hall of heaven please you, may you with happiness see your grandsons bestow to this gift an offering.

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## II. A Wedding Song for Stella and Violentila.

From whence have the Latin hills sounded with sacred song? For whom, Apollo, do you stir the plectrum, ivory on the shoulder with hair dangling down, new music to make? Behold from afar, to the din of melody, the goddesses depart from Helicon and with nine lamps that flicker the ceremonial fire; gathering for the marriage a tuneful undulation from the Pierian springs. Among them lofty Elegy, with customary wanton look, draws near the goddesses, and urges and solicits that in future an added tenth foot be seen, and desires herself slipped in unnoticed and mingled in the sisters' midst. The mother of Aeneas herself leads, with lamp in hand, the bride submissive with a sweet honest blush, herself the sacred couch prepares, and with a Latin garland has disguised the divine hair, tempers her face and cheeks, eager as she is to pass for less beside the new bride.

I know the day and reasons for this sacred rite: For you these sing -- swing wide the gates -- for you, Stella, the chorus; for you Phoebus and Euhan [Bacchus] and the swift Tegeaticus of Maenalian shades bring wreaths. neither charming Love nor Grace cease showering innumerable flowers and a cloud of fragrance on the close embrace with the welcome, snow-white limbed spouse. On your brow alone roses, on your brow alone violets and lilies mixed are received, as you obstruct them away from the chaste glances of the mistress.

Thus the day for the kept white fleece of the Fates has arrived, where for Stella and Violentilla having professed [their vows] the wedding is proclaimed, let care and fears yield, and misleading fraud and the falsity of a ballad cease, let Rumor be silent: that love freed has consumed restraints and bypassed rules: used up are the fables of the vulgar and already have citizens long told of the kisses they have seen. You however dazed, although having been granted such an abundance of a night, you chose and having been permitted by the divine right hand, you even still fear the vows. Put, sweet poet, put aside the sighs; she is yours. Let it be allowed setting out across the open threshold to go, to return by a step: there is no place now for doorman, law, or shyness. Seek at last the embrace to sate - it takes hold! and remain together to recall [those] nights [apart.]

Worthy indeed would be the reward, if Juno should assign you the labors of Hercules, and if the Fates gave you monsters to battle, if seething Cyanean seas to seize. On account of so great as this, it was worth the law of Pisa to run trembling and to hear the roaring of Oenomus following behind. Not more daring would it be if you were a shepherd seated on Dardanian Ida, these indeed would be gifts, [indeed] not even if instead cherishing Dawn had snatched and carried you away to the breezes in the Tithonian yoke. But what cause brought to the poet the unexpected joys of the bridal couch? Here with me, delightful Erato, this teach me, while the doors and halls warm with the throng, and many staffs sound the lintels. He is free to move them with apt conversations and they learn to be taught to hear the [traditional wisdom of the] homestead.

Per chance, where rests the brightening milky region of heaven, cherishing Venus lay nightly in the marriage bed; dissolved in the hard embrace of her Getic mate. A line of tender cupids press the bed posts and couch of the goddess; they seek the approving signs by which to bear the torches, that she might command those with which hearts are to be reached; Whether she prefers on lands or seas to rage, or to embroil the gods or still yet to vex the Thundering One. Not yet having fixed her soul to the heart's desires, weary she [i.e., Venus] lays upon the coverlets, where once the partner of guilt [Mars] having been discovered they crawled to bed into Lemnian bonds [made by Vulcan.] Here a boy from the bustle of the winged companions, to whom with most fervent mien and a nimble hand with the never failing arrows, thus from the midst of the tender troop with voice speaks out - pressing to silence his quiver-bearing brothers.

"As you know, mother," he says, "there is no work which my right hand is slow to; whomever of man or god you have given [to me], [with passion] he burns. But once, by the tears and propitious begging with prayers and vows of men, grant us to be moved, o mother: indeed not out of adamantine hardness we have been created, but in truth we are your brood. There is a bright youth from the Latin nation, whom from elder patricians born and having joyed nobility now has brought and set down [here] titles of beauty from our heaven. One time with dense and quavering quivers, I pointedly pierced him - sweetly for you. Although many Ausonian matrons have sought him as a son in law, I subdued the victim of the powerful

mistress to bear the yoke and to hope for long years to be so commanded. But her at last gently - for this you decreed - we had weakly strung the bow; by love's lamp sparingly. From thence the anxious youth overwhelms the many fires, as I am an astonished witness, how much by night and day he endures my urgings. Not any else have I more vehemently brooded over, mother, digging with repeated wounds. I also saw this [modern-day] Hippomenes with longing run the cruel race-course, nor did he thus wax pale at the turning point: I saw and praised this youth of Abydos competing with his arms and hands at the oars, and I lighted the way ahead of him [when he was] swimming: The savage heat warmed him less than it did the wide seas: you, oh youth, having passed over [even] veteran lovers. I myself was stupefied you had been so hardened by the swelter and I made firm those spirits [of yours] and with smoothing feathers removed the sweating from your eyes. How often has Apollo complained to me, that I am grief to the poet! Now, mother, gratify the loved marriage. He is our devoted comrade and ensign bearer; He can recall armsbearing labors, famous deeds of men and fields with bloody streams. But for you he has given the soothing plectrum and has preferred to walk with poets and to weave the laurel with our myrtle. He has rolled back the slipping or else external wounds of youth; alas! how great the veneration, mother, of the Paphian godhead; he having wept bitterly the deaths of our dove."

He finished; and coaxing clung to the neck of the tender mother and warmed her breast with nearing wings. Thus so invited, she replied with unresisting glance: "Grand indeed and of rare powers, which I myself have shown, the youth desires the Pierian [Muse's] pledge. I marveling at the excellent splendor of this beauty, for whom glory of homeland and of patrimony have vied in honors, and with the earth sinking under me have received and cherished her; nor, my child, have my hands ceased adorning her curved neck and cheeks and to draw forth her locks with thick balm. She has sprung forth [to become] a flattering likeness to me. Behold from afar brow and hair suggesting high graces. Measure in what [qualities] she stands out above Latin matrons: how much the maid hard presses Latonian nymphs and [like] how much I myself [have given competition to] the Nereids. This girl is worthy to arise with me on the blue waves and would have been able to sit astride our [water-borne] shell; and if she had been able to scale to these blazing seats to enter these abodes, [even] you, [my] Loves, might err [thinking her me.] Determined, I have given her wealth in beauty, yet she conquers with the riches for the soul.

"We grumble now of greedy Seres despoiling the denuded grove, and that the buds of Clymene go wanting freshness, that the green Sisters weep not enough, few fleeces blush with Sidonian dye, and rarely are crystals frozen for the ancient snows. For her Hermum and Tagus run with reddish sand - not enough for cultivation - for her Glaucus and Proteus and all the Nereids are commanded to seek Indian necklaces.

"If, Phoebus, you had seen her in Thessaly, Daphne would have wandered through the fields secure, if on the shore of Naxos she was seen next the couch of Theseus, Bacchus [Euhan], flying Gnossus, had forsook the maid deserted. But that Juno had placated me from long quarreling, the Ruler of the bright air had taken on the disguising wings and horns for her, truly Jupiter would have fallen on her in [sheets of] gold.

"But given to the youth desiring, for you child, is the height of my powers, even though lamenting to bear the yoke of a second marriage the girl oft refuses. I sense now she herself yielding and in turn [ready] to warm to the husband."

Having thus spake she raised her celestial limbs from the bed and exiting the proud portal prompted the Amyclaean swans to their teams. Love happily seated had harnessed them; carrying the matron on the jeweled car through the clouds. Presently the Iliadean citadel on the Tiber is seen: the towering palace spreads out before them and the shining divinities of the dwelling, exulting, applaud at the swan's arrival. Not sullied by gleaming stars is the honored seat of the goddess. Here are Libyan and Phrygian marble, here the hard verdant stones of Laconia. Here curved onyx shine, here rocky veins the same color as the deep sea, the purple of which the master of Oebalian and Tyrian copper vessels oft envies. Pressing roofs depend on columns innumerable; satisfying oak timbers shine with Dalmation metal. The cold of the ancient forests exclude falling rays [of the sun], transparent fountains are alive in the marble. Nor does Nature preserve her [usual] succession: here Sirius chills, winter warms the home and ground and makes the year for them mild.

Fond Venus exults at the sight of the mighty houses of the foster-child second to none, than if morning star had arose from the deep sea to [find] Idalian homes and the Eryxian shrine. Then herself reclined alone upon the couch speaking: "For what purpose [is] this continually useless sleep and restraint on the bed, oh delightful to me among Laurentian girls? For whose sake [is this] manner of customs and devotion? Are you never to submit to the masculine yoke? A more sad time of age even now will come. Exercise beauty and make use of gifts that are fleeing [with time.] Not therefore for such [reason] did I give to you my pride and splendor of face, that you should pass through the years widows as if you were not dear to me. Enough, indeed too, much to have despised past wooers. In fact here is given to you one from among all that with complete vigor loves and is to be marveled at, needing neither beauty or ancestry. For what experienced youths throughout the city, what girls, have not heard his songs? Thus indulging let him proceed with the Ausonian guardians - resolve to raise aloft up the twelve torches prior to the festive day; surely now he has stirred Cybele's portals and selects the song of the Euboean Sibyl. And now the Latian parent, whose rightful mind is foreknown to me, will bestow the purple garment on the youth and the magisterial ivory - these a greater glory - laurels to celebrate recent Dacian spoils.

"Come therefore, unite with the marriage bed and cast off the idleness of youth. What nations, what hearts have I not joined with love's flame? Flocks of sustaining herds and hard wild beats do not refuse me, lands themselves with the air I release for wedlock, when the clouds disperse into showers. Thus the succession of things returns to the ages of the world. Had I not been joined a to a Phrygian mate, from whence [had come] new glory to Troy and the abductor of the burning gods, from whence of Lydia [had come] he who had revived my Julian tribe on the Tiber? Who would have laid down the sevenfold walls of Rome, head of imperial Latium, unless a Dardanian priestess had secretly taken Mars [in her arms], and without me preventing her?"

With such flattering pronouncements she excites the honor of the speechless bride. Having protested with tears the man's attendants near the threshold, now the gift and prayers return to her mind, now recalls the songs of the poet and of Aster's [i.e., "Stella's" bride] [sung] throughout the city, before the banquet of Aster's, at night of Aster's, at dawn of Aster's - "Hylas" was never shouted so much. And now begins to soften the sharp heart-strings, and appears to herself to have been hard. Honor to the couches, most pleasing among Latin poets, since the hard measured way is begun and you have comprehended the labors of taking refuge! Thus the river [i.e., Alpheus] deserting shining Pisa, having been long inflamed in outward love affairs, draws chastely to streams in a submerged course. until at last with panting mouth he imbibes the Sicanian springs; the Naiad [i.e., Arethusa] marvels at the sweet kisses nor can believe her husband has arrived from the open sea.

What a day, with the bright eagerness of the gods, it was for you then in this office, Stella, how greatly breasts leapt with the vow, when with fitting sweetness the face of the mistress assented to matrimony! To have appeared to go and wander for a little [moment] through glittering heavens! The shepherd rejoiced less on Amyclae's sands with Helen coming to the Idaean ships; not such was seen in Peleus at Thessalian Tempe, [or] when Chiron with upright horse's body saw from afar Thetis approaching on Haemonian lands. How long the constellations delay! How slow is Aurora to [heed] a husband's consecrations!

But faraway, the son of Leto, father of poets, with Semele's Bacchus, perceiving Stella to prepare the marriage, stirs Delos, stirs Nysa to their swift processions. The Lycian hills and the cool retreats of Thymbra, along with Parnassus, you sound for him; they reverberate in Pangaea and Ismara, and the one time festive shores of Naxos. Then the companions go in through the beloved doors in song: here they carry the harp, here with speckles behind the golden hide, here the Bacchic wand, here the plectrums; here brows wreathed with laurels, one with a Minoan crown sets his hair.

Hardly has the day passed, and now with all in fellowship excelling, already each home bustles with merry retinues. with leaves making green the door posts, cross-paths blaze with torch-flames, and the greater part of celebrated Rome rejoices. Every honor, anointing powers arrive at the door ways, each purple toga in the tumult rubs elbows with a plebeian. Here have mixed knights and youths with a company of matron gowns in distress. Each of them happy calls out, but more of the crowd envy the bridegroom. At one time formerly Hymen, reclining against a door post, had sought an untried poem of marriage to sing that might delight the

poet. Juno dedicates matrimonial bonds to be revered and Concord confirms [them] with tandem torches. This was *that* day: let the husband sing the night itself!

It is permitted to have known how much so, thus Ilia, subdued by sleep, the cunning of Mars laid on the banks of the stream; the snowy countenance of Lavinia blushed not such with Turnus watching; not such Caludia, when the people gazed on the ship [of the Great Mother] having been set in motion by her virginity.

Now to work, Aonian companions of the muse and ministers of the tripods! Contending in different mediums: Let an inspired cohort be sent with fillets and ivy garlands encircling, and each lyre exert itself in elation! But with individuality. Who setting yourselves to the task with utmost excellence, bring forth music worthy of jocund nuptials. Here Cos itself applauding Philetas and old Callimachus and Propertius in the Umbrian grotto would have embraced to praise the day, nor would even Ovid in Tomi be gloomy, nor wealthy Tibullus at a sparkling hearthside [be indifferent.]

Certainly it is not one love and a single cause that has got me to sing: it is for me, Stella, like bringing you together with the Muse: we revel much as equals to the altars and we draw forth a shared wave from learned waters; But being first born, you my Parthenope first received into her lap, you alone crawling [as a babe] with our cherished glory. Let the land of Euboea arise to the bright ether and Sebethos swell with its beautiful child; may not the Lucrinaean Naiads in sulphurous caves, nor Pompeian Sarnus themselves be more pleased with peace.

Indeed come, hasten to Latium illustrious descendants, may they be able direct the laws and armies, may they be able to play the songs! May good Cynthia hurry the tenth month for birth, but spare Lucina I pray; you yourself boy spare the parent, may you harm not the tender womb, nor the erect breasts; when Nature in secret forms your quiet face, may you bear much charm from the father, but more from the mother. But you most beautiful exemplar of Italy, at last having possessed a worthy mate, cherish long the ties sought: thus no loss for you of splendor; blossoming youths flourish long, may your countenances thus remain, and with delay this loveliness age.



## III. The Villa of Manilius Vopiscus on the Tiber.

If any seeing of eloquent Vopiscus's on the cold Tiber and the twin homes inserted on Anio's [tributary] waters or have been able to know the exchange of friends competing on the bank; each defending themselves as the master villas, Sirius on him never barked with the heat of its star, nor did Nemea with its weighty leaves so look on its dear ones: nor winter touching such, as thus rude frosts crush the sun, no home swelters in the year as at Pisa.

Pleasure herself [is said] to have written of you with a tender hand...then Venus anointed and caressed the summits with Idalian moisture and her alluring locks and left honor to the dwellings, and forbade her winged children from departing thence.

O day to long remember! What joys to recall to mind, how wearying to have viewed so many wonders! How natural the mild earth! What forms of beauty in places preceding the hand of art! Never has Nature indulged herself more plentifully!

The high groves lying by the swift streams: a feigned image [on the water] replies to the leaves, and the same reflection flies through the long billows. The Anio itself - marveling belief - under and over the rocks here with murmurs lays down the swelling mad foam, as if having reverence to [only] disturb the sleep of placid Vopiscus and the Pieriean days with [its] music. And with a home on either bank, this most mild river divides you not. Palaces keep watch over the alternate banks, nor grudge the running river outside, as it were, restraining them. Now let Fame boast the Sestian bay and sea, and swimming by the daring boy [Leander] that surpassed dolphins! Here eternal calm, here laws with no storms, never a fury of waters. The

sight is given here of voices, and almost hands, passing over them. Thus Calcis' waves drive forth to flow back, thus, having separated, the boundless Bruttian shore surveys Sicanian Pelorus.

What will I sing for the first or middle [part], where will I rest the end? Will I not I admire the gilded timbers, or from whence the Moorish door frames, or the bright veins of colored marble, or the nymphs issuing forth through all the dens? Here I am drawn by the eyes, here by the mind. Shall I speak of the venerable age of the groves? Do you discern, what streams of rivers below, or what in the forests you gaze at, the stately halls passing over in silence, night will be silent, where for you, with all quiet and with no knocking from whirlwinds, murmuring darkness summons slumber? Or what baths, upheld by a grassy foundation, steam having been placed upon the frigid banks over fire? With the vapors of two furnaces joined, the river laughs at the panting nymphs hard by the tumbling stream.

I saw the arts of ancient hands and lively metals of various kinds. It is a labor now to remember the figures of gold, or ivory, or gems worthy to be fitted to fingers, each thing with silver first, or tricked in lesser bronze, and tried [the work of] teams of enormous colossi. I wander in view pondering through all I regard, I tread not influential riches, for splendor flowing from on high and bright brass reflecting sea shells to be revealed to me alone. Where various arts have painted upon the floor new figures. the ground joys: one's steps tremble.

Why now should I marvel at vast dwellings, or why arrange my verse to sing about distant abodes? Why thou, a tree which, in the midst of houses, roofs have been protected by, and posts emerging in fluid airs, which under no master will be suffering savage two-headed axes? And mayhap unknown to you already an elusive Naiad or Hamadryad owes you for untrammeled years.

What Marcia, shall I relate twice to you about alternate courses accumulating, and deep white basins amid whirling fountains, which hidden lapse into an oblique river, streams running boldly through lead channels? Should Elis alone lead a path, under Ionian floods, a sweet river to Aetna's port? There Anio itself, by way of caves and a spring, eluding abandoned night under mystic blue mantles, here and there throwing its fragile longings over the moss, or into great glassy pools descends and claps the swimming waters. In that shade Tiber reclined, there Albua yearns to immerse her sulfurous locks; this home could separate woodland Phoebus from Egeria and widow cold Taygetus of Dryad choirs and summon Pan from the Lycaen forests. Since if Tirynthian temples would grant other lots of fate, the sisters of Praeneste would have migrated. Why should I praise you twice-bearing orchards of Alcinous, who never have sprung forth in the air with empty limbs? Let the homes of Telegonus, Laurentia of Turnus, the acres of Lucrine and the cruel shore of Antiphates yield, yield Circe's glassy summits with wolves howling of Dulchia and the proud seats of of Anxur, what the gentle old woman owes to nourishing Phrygia: yield now the Antian shores, where you with the wiles of suns recall the winter's rain filled clouds.

Here doubtless are contemplated weighty matters, here one is oppressed by fruitful weather and exquisite quiet and the deep brow with bright light and carefree pleasures, which the Gargettian elder [Epicurus] would himself prefer, leaving his Athenian park deserted; it were worth it to have sought this place through Aegean storms and Hyades' star of snows and under the stars of Olenus, if one may trust Malea with ships through the way of seething Sicilian tides: why should pleasure close by demean the eyes? Here the harp delights Tiber's Fauns, Alciden himself, and the words of Catillus with a greater song: whether for you the spirit contends with Pindaric plectra, or you raise the lyre for mighty heroes, or you stir up enough livid anger with [satire's] blackening blight, or your letter brightens sundry cares.

Oh worthy the riches of Midas and Croesus and with Persian treasures added, bravo to the goods of the soul, to whose watered countryside Hermes owed hastening through the golden banks and the gleaming sand of the Tagus! Thus frequenting learned leisure, thus having disclosed to all clouded hearts an end, I pray you may surpass the old age of Nestor.

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IV. Thanks Given on the Recovery of Rutilius Gallicus from an Illness.

Huzzah, [verily] you are gods on high, the task of Clotho did not spin on inexorably, dear Astraea returns the pious to Jove having reconciled doubts while Gallicus sees the stars. You are divine. You are to the heart, Germancius - who would deny? Fortune blushed to rob your empire of so great a minister. The neck remains nearest to the ruinous thread of the immense weight of old age and [only] grows strong again in other years. Therefore the ready cohorts, which honor city banners, often take refuge in your bosom from the complaints of the agitated forums, where the city laws and the toga plead your rulings in long grievances, let joys contend, from the ranks let our hill resound, and murmurs of rumor for the worse be silenced! Clearly long life returning remains and will remain, in whose clement guardianship [are entrusted] the powers of undaunted Rome. No new ages will have been clothed so much in calamities, nor will crime, renewing, have sinned at the altar of Tarentum.

Yet I will not invoke Phoebus, though deaf to me without a plectrum for him, nor the Aonian goddesses with Pallas the tenth, nor the gentle young of Tegeae or Dirce: come yourself and attend new strengths of the soul, you who will have sung before; for having learned not so much without the divinity of Ausonia, you have bestowed on men of the toga ample grace and intellect and judgment to the Hundred. It is proper that inspired Pimplea deny the thirst of the poet [satisfaction], nor should he be given a partner in Pirene: better to me are abundant whirlpools in a draught, which is snatched from your fount, or plain words joined when freed from established customs, or when sweet eloquence is subdued by art and regards our [poetic] rules. Wherefore go, if to Ceres we return her gifts and wine to Lyaeus and Diana at the rotunda still receives all riches of spoils and captive booty, and the Power of War [i.e., Mars] the weapons of captives: When yourself, Gallicus, of greater eloquence, of speaking abounding in riches of the sublime, scorn not to worship with the delicate lyre. The wandering moon is encircled by stars while into the ocean lesser rivulets plunge.

What rewards of the city has careful love of custom released to you! What then did I know of the ignorant mob bewailing those able lives of the patriarchs and knights? Thus the blessed Curia feared not Numa failing, nor lofty knights [the plight of] Pompey, nor women [the death of] Brutus. This is the thing: reluctant to hear of sad shackles, to spare not [oneself] nor walk away from blows high power commands, but much arming themselves to win strength and to deem worthy humble hands and praying words, to restore laws to the courts of justice not drive out magistrates and appease the sword with the toga, thus the way to deep hearts, so one trusts reverence by mingling with it love. The grave harshness of fate itself frightened all, and with evil not even delaying for youth the peril of sudden danger. Not that this is the blame of old age - indeed these undertakings scarcely exceeding twelve [ceremonial] lustrations - but the labor of a vigorous mind exerting command on its faculties for the watchful care of Caesar, a pleasant chore. Hence inward rest has [in others before] crept insidiously into weary limbs and a lazy neglect of life.

Then the god, who close the high Alpine ranges signifies with holy name the Apollonian groves, looks back, alas, praying for the safety of so dear a child of his, and cutting short any delay:

"With me here, Epidaurian offspring," he says, "go now with glee: it is given - the means to advance forth! - to restore the greatness of [your] powers. Let us preserve by assailing now pained fibers distending: Let there be no fear of a deadly blow: Past limit Jupiter will praise these arts. For not a soul plebian sprung or one without right divine do I preserve. And so briefly, while we pass under the roofs, I will make ready. The race itself having returned to their [original] nobility; the source lies not hidden, but with the light following is overcome, and, having yielded, joys in the illustrious descendant. To him also [is] the foremost strength of the toga: mighty and bright in eloquence; having trained in countless camps, he soon gained the principal settlements of the west and every band under the sun, having in leisure of peace sworn the sword no permission to be ungirded and slacken. Him strengthening Galatea dared to reproach in war - myself also - through nine harvests Pamphylia and warlike Pannonia feared the bow and with Armenia in flight dreading the Araxes now is suffering a Latian bridge. Why should I turn over repeating the twice [bestowed] commands and duties [for him] in great Asia? He might indeed wish to have these [offices] thrice and four times for himself, but the greater annals of a magistrate, having been promised to him not once, called him home. Wherefore should I praise the wondrous compliance of Libya's tribute and a triumph having been sent in the midst of peace and how immense the riches he delivered over which no one

had dared to expect? Transimene and the Alpes joy and the spirits of Cannae; and foremost himself in honor the lacerated shade of Regulus openly demands an offering, the northern battle line frees not the Rhine rebel and the prayers of captive Veleda, which of late is the supreme glory, to lay open the surrendered city with ruined Dacians, with the reins of the ruler having been so chosen, Gallicus, you have endured, surprising not Fortune.

"Him therefore, if I speak worthily, we will snatch from ill fortune, my son, for [the purposes of] Jove. This the celebrated Latin father asks and deserves of the city; and indeed let it not be in vain for you young men to have recently sounded honorable songs for me with the patrician in [the] purple [lined toga.] If [there be] any herb in the healing cave of twin [bodied] Chiron, whatever is hidden for you in the temple of Trojan Pergamum or whatever blessed Epidaurus may draw forth from healing grains of sand, what wealth of flowering dittany Crete offers within the Idaean shadows, and where abounds the spume of the snake: And I will join the expert hand itself with every good secretion, and fragrant balms in the lands of Arabia or that I a shepherd plucked from the grass of Amphrysus."

He said. They find now placed nearby the soul weakly struggling; by means of the Paeonian rite he encircles them and at once the willing ones both teach and obey, until with transforming medicine they shatter the deadly pests and doubt filled clouds of sickly sleep. He himself aids the blessed and with each malady the remedy more strong prevails. Not more quickly was Telephus restored by Haemonia [i.e., Thessalian arts], nor what, with Machaon's elixir, mended the savage wounds of fearing Atrides.

Amid so many people and cares of senators having been stirred, what may be the place of an offering to me? I yet give as witness to you the lofty stars, Thymbracean father of versifiers, which with every light and night a dread to me, while I am caught now clinging constant at doorways awake with all ear and eye; as if a small craft having been joined with an immense ship. when a storm has raged, recovers in a small part of the raging waters and is rolled forward in the same south wind.

Tie now gleaming threads with gladness, Sisters [of the Fates], bind! Let no man reckon [what is] the measure of life's passing: this will be the birth date of life. You are worthy to transcend the ages of Troy, Euboea's [i.e., the Euboean Sibyls's] years of dust and the desuetude of Nestors! What suitable cask of fragrance should I, a pauper, now obtain for you?

Not if Mevania should empty the vales or the fields of Clitumnus present bulls white as snow would I suffice. But often in the midst of rewards, a grassy place and grain with a little salt have satisfied [even] the gods.



#### V. The Baths of Claudius Etruscus.

Not at divine Helicon does the lyre pulse with the solemn plectrum, nor do I myself call having so often wearied divine approval, oh Muses; and you Phoebus and you Euhan [i.e., Bacchus] we exempt from choral concerts. You having moved loud wild beasts, winged Tegean [i.e., Mercury], should also press back. Other friendships require my songs. Naiads, mistresses of the waves, having thus far drawn forth the overworked monarch king [i.e., Vulcan] with flashing red fire enough from the Sicilian anvil, enough! Thebes put aside for a little while the harmful arts [of war.] I wish to sport with a loved companion. Join here, my lad, our cups - but lest their numbering be a labor - take up the harp delaying them: Let toil and care depart, while we sing the baths with shining stones, and while blossoming with impudent ivy and fillets, with the leaf untied in modesty. My [muse] Clio plays for Etruscus. Advance, blooming goddesses, turn here [your] pure faces and wreath the glass-green hair with tender flowers, with garment concealing nothing. As like when emerging from the deep fonts you tormented amorous Satyrs with the sight. It pleases not you to worry, [or] that with guilt you have defamed the glory of the waters; be far from hence idle [naiad] Salmacis with the deceitful spring and the dry rivers of Cebrenis for a grieving widow and may the despoiler of Hercules' nursling [i.e., Hermaphroditus] be gone!

You nymphs, who've dwelt in the seven summits of Latium, raise up for me a new Thybris from the waves, and you whom the Anio pleases would headlong follow swimming to the Maiden [aqueduct] and Marcia [aqueduct] leading from the Marsian snows and cold, whose roving wave increases with the raised high embankments and by the countless hanging arches is carried o'er - : we undertake [to descant on] your work, it is yours; your home, which with soft music I round out. Never in other watered caves have you lived more richly. Cytherea herself held the hand of her husband and taught him arts; it is not the feeble flame that burns in furnaces, she herself sets on fire torches of winged Loves.

Not admitted are Thasos or wave abounding Carystos, onyx grieves from far, and excluded the snake-spotted marble protests: only the gold Nomad stone removed from purple quarries shines, only purple from the Synnas' hollow cave in Phrygia that Attis himself has reddened with [his self-inflicted] bright [blood] stains, and those which one cuts from the white cliffs of Tyre and Sidon. Eurota has hardly a place, where the marble of Synnas marks with distinct long green edges. Nor are the thresholds remiss, chambers glitter, and ceilings shimmer with the splendors of life in varied blue-dyed tiles. Embraced by such gladdening riches, fire itself is stupefied and rules more leniently. Everywhere many a day, the brazen sun perforates with rays the roofs entirely and is burned by a second fire. Nothing there plebeian; nowhere will you observe the bronze of Temese, but with silver upon silver the happy wave is driven forward and falls over the bright rims, pursues its wondrous pleasures and refuses to go away. But beyond the snowy bank in which the blue-green river lives and from every height lays open its deepest depth, who is not persuaded to go and remove one's lazy robe for the basin? Here in the deep Cytherea prefers to be born, here, Narcissus, you better see yourself transparent, here swift Hecate having been caught would wish to be bathed.

What now, will I only report the spreading floors where balls resounding [in play] will be heard, [or] where listless fire wanders the chambers and steam channels roll forth thin vapor? Not if from Baiae's strand should a new visitor come, will he despise such things - it ought be right to compare the small with the great - nor he who soaked in the manner of Nero's baths disdain to sweat again here. Well done, I plead, lad shining in talent and careful in [your] attention! These things will age with you and your fortune learns now in good style [how] to be reborn!



## VI. The Kalends<sup>1</sup> in Decembers

Thee father Phoebus [Apollo] and Pallas [Athena] severe, and even you Muses, go afar and keep holiday: You we will recall come the Kalends in January. Saturn and much heavy wine have freed me from December's bonds, and a place for laughing and raucous Wit are also present, whilst I recall the blest day of glad Caesar and the [Aeons'] intoxicated muse.

Scarcely had fresh Aurora stirred the dawn, when lines of tasty treats descended like rain - this the dew the coming east wind pours:
Whatever's prime from Pontic nut orchards or Idume's fruitful ridges drops down; what blossoms on righteous Damascus boughs, and what ripens in drunken Caunus, plummets freely in lavish plunder; soft dainty pastries, and with unburnt kneaded doughs of Ameria and must-cakes while from the hidden palm came down the fertile dates.

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., the first day.

The hazy Hyades with such great clouds hides not the lands nor melts a Pleiadean star, as by wedges Winter with hail subdues the people of Latin serenity.

Let Jupiter prolong clouds through the world and threaten showers for spacious fields, whilst THESE rains from OUR Jove are endured.

But look, he goes into the theater stalls through all ranks with splendor, with care seating the common people with no less honors. These carry bread baskets, white napkins, and fine dinners; others serve languid wines; you'd think them so many Ganymedes. That world, which is upright and austere, clans and togas together, as well as so many others, oh blessed, you nourish and feed. Snobby Annona knows not this festival. Go, Vetustas, compare the age now with the ancient time of golden Jove: not then did wines flow thus so freely, nor grain so fill up the late year. By one table is fed each rank. children, women, common folk, knights, senators: liberty relaxes reverence. But even you - who to be idle here, which of the gods could have promised this? entered with us the shared banquet. Now they, whoever they are, whether fortunate or needy, glory themselves a table fellow of the leader [i.e., Caesar.]

Among these, pleasure flees the noise of novel luxuries and polished gaping; a coarse and naive woman stands with sword as she takes the fight to shameless men! You might believe the horsemen of Thermodon charging to Tanais river or the wilds of Colchis. Here impudent nature enters with a row of dwarves, which by brief finishing too soon, she bound at once into a knotty mass. Swords set in, wounds devour, - what a band! - and threaten death to them. Father Mars grins at the bloody host and with cranes falling with cries of cheating marvels at the ferocious fighters.

Now under the approaching shades of night what tumult succeeds upon the dispensing of riches! Here enter easy girls to be purchased, here it is admitted by all, what in the theaters pleases by beauty or is proven by art. Here the puffed up of Lydia applaud with the crowd, and there are the clacking cymbals of Cadiz,

there resound marching troops of the Syrians, here the theaters groundlings and they who exchange sulphur [matches] for [shards of] broken glass.

Amidst which immense clouds of birds suddenly fall in flight from the stars, which sacred Nile and brusque Phais and wet Numdia gathered from the south. which sacred Nile and brusque Phais and wet Numdia gathered from the south. They go without who would seize the entire bowl, and joy as long as new riches are acquired. They raise innumerable voices sounding to the stars for the Saturnalia of the chief and clamor for sweet favor of the Lord: Caesar alone forbids granting this [i.e., title for himself.]

Blue night scarce stole into the world, when descended in the seashore's midst a bright ball of flame from the dense shadows surpassing the torch of Gnossos' crown [i.e., Ariadne, a constellation.]

Nothing lights up the pole with fires to permit the obscure night suffer

The pole with fires lights up to permit nothing suffer from the dark night.

Discerning these things

Lazy Quiet and sluggish Sleep flee and depart for other cities.

Who could sing the spectacles, who the forward jokes, who the guests, who the gratuitous feasts, who the lavish floods of Lyaen cup? Now, now I sink drunk with your wine into sleep at a late hour.

This day will go far through the years! Never in time will the sacred be forgotten! While the Latin mountains and father Tiber, while your Rome, and the Capitol with its lands you restore persist, it will remain.



## **BOOK II**

#### Statius Saluting his Melior

Given our friendship in which I joy, Melior, and also I joy in a man with not less better judgment of literary matters than in all matters of life with a fine cast, this my book itself of trifles I thus hand over to you by stipulation that it be set forth and seen as but a letter. For first it contains our Glaucias, whose infant speechlessness as well as misfortunes of many kinds (I loved Galucias by your own embracing of him) are most gratefully not now allotted to you. Since having lost him to a recent wound, as you know, I attempted

a memorial song to such a pass that it was hurried, that I might have the prompt excuse of your ready mood [for such a thing.] I don't now declare this to you [alone], which you knew, but also announce it to others, lest any in harsh detraction examine the poem, a writing bestowed in perplexed grief, and when by delay consolations may become almost superfluous. In the Surrentine villa of Pollio that follows, it is owed by me that the honor of his most diligent eloquence to be spoken of, but my friend has pardoned it. Certainly in regard to your tree and parrot, Melior, you know my trifling little books as like a place for penned inscriptions. The same stylus excluded levity with respect to the tame lion; who was prostrated lifeless in the amphitheater, lest I should [have to] hand it over at once to the most sacred Emperor. Also to our Ursus, a most bright learned youth and without the defect of idleness, this piece was written in consolation of a boy [of his] that died; which I owe to him and have freely inserted. The volume closes with a birthday poem to Lucan, which Polla Argentaria, most rare of wives, we perhaps may deliberate upon that day with him, wished herself to be made accountable. I was not able to have greater reverence for so great an author than that I dreaded my hexameters on the verge of declaring his praises. These are the kinds of things, most dear Melior, which if they will not displease you, then the public may accept from you; if less than this, may they be returned to me.

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### I. Glaucias, the Delight of Atedius Melior.

With what solace can I begin for your having a young one snatched away; before the unseemly funeral pyre with his glowing ashes yet alive? Even now the mournful wound gapes with severed veins, and a slippery way opens for a great gash. When now I set myself to a cruel song and healing words, you, having been struck with powerful weeping, hate the lyre and prefer turning away with a deaf ear, I sing out of season: more readily would lionesses bereaving their whelps lost to a routed tiger wish to hear me. Not if the threefold song of the Sicilian maid should flow or the beasts of the forest understood the harp could the mad groanings be soothed. Grief rests madly in the heart and breasts bark at the moving touch.

No man forbids: you would rather be satisfied by sick anguish and dwelling in freedom. When now the pleasure of weeping has been reached and already you scorn the unweary orisons of friends, will now I sing? Lo, my sad songs flow, from the mouth itself, and fall down in words smeared with tears. For with you in the solemn pomp of night, a calamity for the city having seen, I led forth the bier of the boy, and saw savage heaps of dooming incense and mortuary rites lamenting over his life, you with the groans of a father overcome and the arms of an embracing mother preparing to quaff the fires of the dead, I could scarcely hold back like companions and offended by restraining. And now, alas, with fillets and honor of the brow loosened, my feelings having been transformed by you, I, unhappy poet, beat the lyre; but you joint comrade in anguish, if I merited experiencing a shared sadness of yours, I pray now you suffer [me] kindly. The fathers having heard me in the lightning bolt [hour of woe] itself, I have sung consolations alongside funeral pyres to [grief] outpouring mothers and devoted children and myself, when I was groaning at my own failings at the flames - oh Nature, what a father! I do not separate from you to mourn severely, but we ought combine sighs and sorrow as one.

Long ago, oh deservedly loved boy, I was drawn seeking the suitable beginnings of an approach to your praises. Here standing on the threshold of life's annals, here beauty seizes me, seizes me with your gentle modesty, unfinished bashfulness, and probity advanced beyond your years. Oh where else are brought together from established family radiance pouring in, bright starry orbs, eyes for heaven chastened with modesty, and of a natural brow athwart soft locks at the margin of a glorious mane? Where in the world with flattering blame are found melodious speech folded in spring kisses, redolent of flowers; laughter mingled with inward tears, and a voice for speaking mixed with the honey-combs of Hybla? For whom a serpent might put aside hissing and acrid stepmothers would wish to serve. I embellish nothing as far as youthful advantages. Alas, the milk-white neck! Arms which were never without the neck of some lord to burden! Oh when will arrive for you that hope not distant from youth; with cheeks having been pledged a much wished for beard and honors? All the hours bring in painful ashes and hostile days: it is for us [merely] to have remembered what is left behind. Who will soothe your feelings with loving light-hearted banter? Who will relax the secret cares of the mind? Who will calm the puffed up attendant, fierce with wrath, and deflect the burning anger at servants to himself? Who with the feasts begun will lift away

pouring wines from the mouth and disturb [you] from all the sweet booty? Who will disrupt with a whisper the morning slumbers, [your] departure having been imposed by obligations, stay by arts the coverlets and revive [you] in the doorway with kisses? The interrupting hand entering once more, who will spring forth with brief expressions of adoration and encompass [your] shoulders with outstretched arms? Quiet the home, I admit, left empty the households, and in the rooms and at the tables a gloomy stillness!

What wonder that an affectionate a sustainer so honors a funeral? You were rest and a safe haven for the master in old age, you the means of delight, you the pleasant recourse of a troubled heart. The uproar of a barbaric slave platform spun not you, nor when an infant were you mixed in with tawdry Egyptian merchandise, nor speaking devised words of pre-arranged wit did you with lascivious deliberation search out for and furnish mistresses. Here a home, here an ancestry of a master at once both with family dwellings dear and children obedient to your joys, not seeking importance of rank, but when you had been immediately been taken from the womb, the master exulting first raised you, and hailing with a clear voice, spoke with judgment, and embracing bore to his bosom someone deemed to have himself begot. It is right for me to have spoken with favor of pious parents, and you, Nature, I pray you may permit, to whom it is first given through the world to sanctify oaths of the soul: not everyone of near blood or one having descended from a series of a well bred race binds; often new pledges assumed are deeper and glide forward in the connecting. It is necessary to have given birth to children, and it pleases to have chosen [to do so.] Thus with tender flattering half-beast Chiron overcame Haemonian Peleus for Achilles, nor did elder Peleus accompany the son in arms at Troy, but it was Phoenix that adhered there to the illustrious offspring. Evander from afar wished for the return of Pallas rejoicing, [but] faithful Acoetes [in fact] beheld the battles. And when at a distance that the father might hold back within the bright stars, it was wave-tossed Dictys who made beautiful the winged Perseus. What should I say with piety of foster mothers living [as] parents? What say you Bacchus, after funeral ashes cheated you of a mother, [of your] more safely crawling to the breast of Ino? With Ilia, now secure from a Tuscan father, and reigning in the waves, Romulus wearied Accam carrying him? I have seen cross-weaving branches from a stranger [tree] go higher in an oak than its own. And already mind and soul had made you a father to him, but not by customs or ornamental display: And yet even now, having clasped with a murmur the voices of those crying, you loved the child's infant wailings.

He as a rude flower that stands high in the mild meadows and will expire with the first south winds, tender thus it conquered day with a proud passing face and was leaving behind many similar [sorts of] years. Or had he stood, with fettered limbs curving, in wrestling schools: you'd think him conceived of a mother from Amycla, Apollo might have traded Oebalus for him, or Alicides substituted Hylan; or if attired an Attic Greek, he might have flowed eloquently with the words of Meander: have extolled rejoicing the echo and tresses of beauties and subdued impish Thalia with a roseate crown; or had he bespoke the labors of old Maeonia and Troy or of the calamities of the late returning Ulysses: the father and teachers themselves would have been struck with astonishment. No doubt Lachesis touched the cradle with an ill-fortuned hand, and Envy certainly was cherishing that boy at the lap embracing: those cheeks and grown up hair to adorn, these arts to display and words to instill, for which now we mourn. He had begun to match the labors of Hercules for his years, though as yet near to infancy; already even so, stepping vigorously, with greater measures of cultivation, and having seen the clothing for the boy diminish in size - when what vestments for you, what garments did not the mild master hurry! Not with short doublets straining the torso, or tight cloaks constricting the arms; not he with irregular folds, but ever gathering for the years, wrapped woven fabrics in scarlet mode [for you] to wear, now lawn greens for following the chest, now coloring with delightful purple, now he made glad the fingers with vibrant gems: the crowds of comrades, the gifts, did not cease: he wanted only the bordered toga for modest propriety.

These the fortune of the home. Suddenly Parca [one of the Fates] lifted a hostile hand. For what, goddess, do you extend the savage weighty claws? Does not beauty, does not a time of weeping move you? Him not violent Procne would have torn for a [hated] husband, nor a wild vicious Colchian [Medea] have hardened in wrath for, nor have cast out [even] were this Aeolian Creusa [wife of Jason]; from him mad Athamas would have turned [aside] the grim bow, though hating Hectorean ashes Ulysses will have wept casting him from Troy of the Phrygian towers[.] [Come] the seventh day, and now lacking vigor the eyes numb, now it is Juno [in the underworld] below with encompassing hand that preserves the hair. He however, with the Fates pressing in on the fragile years, sees you with withering expression and faltering tongue murmur; in

you of emptied heart now breathes out all that remains, alone he remembers you alone, calling he hears clearly your mouth stir, for you he leaves the [remaining] words and consoled forbids a grieving groan. It is pleasing, oh Fate, even so that death did not consume slowly the dignity of the prostrate boy, and he went below to the shades untouched as one of those undefiled bodies free of blame.

What, should I speak of obsequy fires, prodigious offerings, and the mournful luxury of ardent funerals? What, of yourself in purple ascend to heap upon the sad pyre, of Cilician bouquets, of herbal gifts from India, of Arabian, Egyptian and Palestinian perfumes to soak the burning hair? Each desires to bring all that is lavish and to incite the estimation of Melior, thinking lost riches nothing; but he does not arrest the hated blaze, nor are dense flames wanting. Dread seizes the senses. I feared for you Melior, formerly the most calm of individuals, near and at the summit of a conflagration for the dead! Did he then seem light hearted and affable? From whence [therefore] the barbaric fright and hands of a savage mind, while on the recoiling earth only the unjust light of day pours down, and now equally pitiless [to us] you rend robes and chest together, and seeing visions of the beloved press cold kisses, caressing? There were father and mother prostrate with woe, but to behold you [even] the parents were astonished. [Yet] why [should this seem] strange? All the crowds and folk going before [you] bewept the impious deed [of the youth's death], by the Flaminian road which crosses the Mulvian causeway, while undeserving it the child is surrendered to the doleful flames, and by his form and age merits the lamentation: Of such a kind, in the Isthmian harbor, shipwrecked Palaemon, having been borne forth from the sea, lay placed beneath the mother; thus also having been cut down by serpents, an insatiable fire consumed Opheltes, playing in the snake haunted grass of Lerna,

Set aside dread of death and cease to fear its menaces: Cereberus with three heads will not bark, nor a sister [a Fury] with flames, nor hydras arising terrify him; but he [Charon] from the interior, the wild sailor of the implacable skiff, will come athwart the sterile embankments and burning shores, lest the means for the boy to have embarked be harsh.

What announces to me the offspring of Cyllene with glad wand? Is there not some happiness in so severe a time? The boy knew the noble likenesses of the face of the lofty Blaesus, while oft at home he saw you with a heart binding new garlands and rubbing clean wax images. When midst the Ausonian shores he recognized him of Lethe's stream cleansing the procession of Quirinus' princes[.] First on arrival with quiet trepidation he joins with the steps of the foremost and pulls on [their] robes, thereupon he follows further; by pulling more he is not spurned, but pardoned, [the other] trusts [him to be] from a descendant's stock. Next when, with the pledge of a friend, he perceived the beloved with the pledge of a friend and the lost child as a consolation to Blaesus, he raises [him] from the ground with pride and binds himself long to the neck [in embrace] then carries him by the hand joying, what gifts of gentle Elysium, he extends bare branches and silent birds and pale flowers with battered shoots. Nor does he forbid him to have remembered you, but from a kind heart mingles and divides [with you] the love by turns.

Here an end to the ravaging. Yet why now should you sedate wounds and lift a head immersed in sorrow? All you see discharging their duty [of dying] or will die: they go to meet nights and days and stars, nor does it profit their schemes on the solid ground. For who should weep the death of noble and common people fallen? These wars, these oceans demand [their deaths]; for these love [demands] destruction, and for those madness wild with desire, (but I should be silent about distempters); these stiffening in the mouth of Winter, those in the restless fire of fatal Sirius, these gaping remain pale in rainy Autumn. Whatever undertakes birth, fears the end, we all will go, we all will pass: for innumerable shades Aecus shakes the urn. But he, whom we lament, happy escapes the hazardous chance of untrustworthy men, gods, and an unforeseen life, immune from fate. He did not ask for, nor did he dread meriting death: we anxious citizens, we the unhappy, for whom from hence the last day, for whom the exit of the time of life, is uncertain, for whom threatens lightning from the stars, which echoes fatally in the clouds. Have none of these things persuaded thee to bend? But bend freely [then.] Be present here having let go at the dark threshold, Glaucus, for whom only all means are obtainable - the ferry man cannot protect guiltless souls, nor he [that is] a comrade from pitiless wild beasts - : you, delight hearts, you, forbid cheeks to flow and having blessed nights with kind reassurances fill out the countenances of the living, and refuse having to have died, and leaving [your] sister desolate, you who can do so, and proceed to find a way for the unhappy parents.

#### II. The Villa Surrentum of Pollius Felix.

By the Tuscan sea in between rock walls, known by the name of the Sirens, and laden with temples of Minerva, there is a lofty villa, watcher of the Dicarchean depths, a field, which Bromius [i.e., Bacchus] loved, by high hills, that is scorched [by the sun] with wine presses that do not envy the Falernian grape. Here I happy [was] after five years of patrician ceremony when now the race course remained lazy with quiet and the gray dust from wrestling hung on having turned to Ambracian leaves [laurels], from across the narrow straits a countryman [i.e., Statius] honored the eloquence of placid Pollius and the youthful charm of bright Polla, desirous now to turn [my] steps, where the known limit of Appia, queen of the long roads, is worn away.

Yet delays are pleasing. In curved peaceful recess here and there, the waters break up upon the bending cliffs. Nature bestows a mountain place, one shore intervenes on lands of hanging rocks and expires [into the sea], the first grace of the place, twin baths with a covering shell steam forth, and outside the grounds a nymph from the sea comes to meet sweetness with [salty] bitterness. Here a chorus of Phorcus, Cymodoce with smooth wet hair, and youthful Galatea long to be bathed. In front of the home one who restrains [Neptune?] keeps watch of the swelling blue waves, guard of an innocent household; whose temples run over with foam from a friendly tide. Alcides protects the happy country; the harbor rejoices under the double deity: he preserves the lands, he holds back the savage floods. Wondrous tranquility of the main: here the weary waters put aside [their] furor, and the mad south wind blows more mercifully, here winter risks less danger, the mild ponds lie without commotion, mirroring the lord's custom.

From whence through slanting heights a walkway climbs, the work of the city, and by a long ridge tames the sharp stones. Where before suns mixed with the dark sands, and overgrown trails cheerless, now it is a pleasure to stroll: of a kind, should you pass under the tall summit of Bacchic Ephyre, that bespeaks the covered paths of Ino's Lechaeum.

Not if Helicon indulged me with all its streams, and Pimplea overcame should thirst, and the flying hoof of the horse [Pegasus] settled, and chaste Phemonoe opened up the hidden fountains, or where my Polllius, by the most high patron Phoebus, stirred up the plunging jar, I would [as a poet] be fit for innumerable kinds of worship and be able to meet the standards of Pierian realms. With hardly a long row sufficing to the eye, steps scarcely availing, while through separate ones I am lead. What a multitude of matters! Of what am I amazed more, the seat of the master or of nature? Here one beholds the home of sunrise and the dawning radiance of mild Phoebus; there [come evening] it detains and refuses to let go abating and sinking sun, when now from the mountains daylight weary descends on the waters and the dark shadows of the palace float on the glassy sea. These [places] moan with the clamor of the main, here the homes disregard the sonorous surge and prefer [rather] the stillness of land. These sites Nature favored, here surviving it cedes to the worshipper and has grown tame in docile uses unknown [to her.] Where you see level grounds, there was a large mound; and under the ceilings where you now go, there were bogs; where now you descry tall groves, there was no soil here: the owner domesticated it, and taking on and shaping the boulders, the earth obedient was made glad. Now see stones paired having learned to become entrances to homes, and the mountain having been commanded to withdraw. Now let the hand of the poet of Methymne and the sole lyre of Thebes and the glory of the Getic plectrum concede to you: you move the stones and you the lofty forests follow you.

Why should I report about the traditional wax and bronze figures, or why the colors of Apelles rejoice to be brought to life, or why as yet in empty Pisa, though admirable, what by the hand of Phidias, [or] what by the art of Myron or Polycletus, was commanded to be chiseled to live in heaven, and the bronzes [made] from the ashes of the [burned down Corinthian] Ishtmus better than gold, [or] the [sculpted] visage of a commander, the countenance of a wise poet, from times gone before, what concerns [there are] for you to follow, what you feel with all heart, your being immune from cares of the soul and with a quite strength ever prepared? Why recall the thousand high points and succession of sights? For whom his every pleasure he has joined to a bedroom by the sea; with Nereus [seen] from diverse openings lying beyond his lands: here he sees Inarimen, there rough Prochyta appears; here the armor bearer [i.e., a cape so named] of great

Hector stands open, from thence Nesis breathes out malignant air flowing in from the sea; from thence Euploea sounds a happy omen for wandering vessels, with [the isle of] Megalia [aka Megaris] thrust forth strained by the arching billows, and Limon, at a distance lying opposite to his master, watches over your Surrentine dwelling. However from afar one of all the rooms, one room stands out, which directly carries in to yo [siren] Parthenope at the boundary of the sea: here within are rocks selected from Greek quarries; which a vein of eastern Syene bestrews, which from sad Synnade, by the wailing fields of Cybele, axes of Phrygia have mined, where in marble the white background is made distinct from a rim embellished with purple; here also cut from the Amyclaean mount of Lycurgus stone that becomes green and resembles supple grass on the cliffs, here the gold rocks of Numidia shine, and those of Thasos and Chios and Carystos rejoicing to see the ocean tides: all salute the Chalcidican towers facing them. Bravo to the mind, that you approve what is Greek, that you frequent the regions of Greece; may the walls of Dicharchi that begot you not envy, [and say instead] we shall gain what is best from our learned son!

Why now should I speak of the fallow lands set by the sea, the wealth of the farm, and the cliffs dripping with the nectar for Bacchus? Oft times during autumn with the vine ripening for Lyaeus, a Nereid climbed the rocks, concealed under the shades of night, and snatched from the hills the agreeable grapes. Oft times too the harvest is sprinkled by the nearby surf, and Satyrs have descended into the shallows, and Pan's mountain sprites longed to catch hold bare Doris [i.e., an ocean nymph] across the waves.

Oh land, may you be happy, with both masters [i.e., master and his mistress], from Phrygia and Pylos, aged in years, nor may your noble servitude [to such masters] be changed, nor may by the halls of Tirynthia and the bay of Dicarchus outlast you in honor, nor may those of Therapnaeus Galaesus please more often than these pretty vineyards, here where Pollius practices Pierian arts, or mediates the counsel, which the authority of Gargettus [i.e., birthplace of Epicurus] imparts, or he arouses our lyre, restrain discordant songs, or strip aways [i.e., unmasks?] the avenger threatening from the podium [with satire]: hence the whimsical Siren flies from the rocks to better songs, hence with [helmet] plumes nodding Tritonia listens. Then the swift breezes settle, the seas themselves forbid roaring, and sleek dolphins, drawn to the learned lyre, emerge from the sea and stray towards the cliffs.

Live you long, richer than with the treasures of Midas and Lydian gold, and happy beyond the diadems of Euphrates and Troy, whom not the powers of uncertainty, nor the fickle people, nor laws, nor camps will wear away, you, who with great heart and hope, subdues hope and fear, with prayers more sublime than all, exempt from fates and refuting indignant Fortune; [you] whom in the whirlwind of affairs will not be caught in doubt on the last day, but prepared to depart and full with life, we, a worthless crowd, ever subject to tottering and wishing to be ready, are scattered about by chances: you of mind from a high citadel look down on erring humanity and with joy smile. There was a time when the applause from twin lands rent you apart and for you to be carried through two lofty cities [in triumph], thence to be much revered by the tillers of Dicharchus, and from here adopted [as] mine, and equally bountiful to these and those with youth and feeling proud at the uncertainty [i.e., uncertain fortune?] of the plectrum. Now you look on struck down by the gloom of the actuality of things - others in turn are [also] thrown to that depth -, yet your barque, unshaken, has entered to a quiet port and placid realms. Thus may you proceed, the ship having never deserved to be lost in our storms [i.e., those storms we deservingly suffer.] And you, the daughters [in law?] of Latium having long directed attention to an intellect that is the match for a man, who without heart cares, a brow not to be averted by menaces, but ever beaming with gladness and an expression of delight oblivious to worries; not for you an unhappy place of greed that keeps close hidden away riches or expenses from ill gotten gain that torment the soul: putting forth wealth and delighting in wise tempers. None connects to a god with a better heart, never has Concord taught other minds [better.] Learn to be untroubled, let love oversee the laws of friendship in which the sacred fires have long been mingled to unite in purity, set forth through the years and ages, and exceed the reputations of ancient fame.

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#### III. The Tree of Atredius Melior.

The tree stands, which shades embracing the clear waters of the lake of the brilliant Melior, which from inmost strength having bent down in the shallows returns from thence to its proper towering height, just as

if from the midst of silent roots it is born again from the waves and dwells in the glassy current. Why should I ask so little of Phoebus? Speak ye the causes, Naiads, and bestow, it is enough, the easy songs of Faunus.

Vulnerable parties of Nymphs were flying from Pan; he indeed advances, as if he wished for them all, yet nevertheless one in [the person of] Pholoe. Here by the forests and rivers now she eludes the hairy feet, now the unseemly horns. And now waging war, through the dark grove of Janus and the country fields of Quirinus, suspended in flight, she climbs the Caelian wilds; thereupon at last having survived with toil, exhausted from fear, where now the open peaceful dwellings of Melior stand free of imposture, she gathers closely [her] golden veils and [drowsy] lays herself down at the margin of the snowy [?] [river] bank. The god of the flocks follows swiftly and thinks of his wives; already now he heaves sighs from the breast, now hangs over the gentle prey. Behold Diana turns hurried steps and reads the tracks of the deer. Having seen the nymph she [Diana] is displeased, and turning to [her] faithful companions [groans]: "Shall I never ward off this foul and insolent herd lustful with rapine, and will always the throng of my chaste dancer[s] diminish?" Having thus spoken then with speed she draws a small dart from the quiver, which she sent not with the customary hissing or curving horns [of the bow], but with a contented hand flung from the left having, it is said, struck the sleeping Naiad from behind with an arrow.

She [the naiad] saw day and the impudent foe together arising at the spring, and lest he span the snow white limbs, with all [her] garment she thus rushed beneath the deep pools, believing Pan at last to follow, she entwined in the wide grasses; trapped, what could she do to the unexpected ravisher? Conscious of a hairy body he dare not trust himself, with coarse hide and from inexperience, in the deep waters to swim: grudging all, churlish Bromius [i.e., the absent assistance of Bromius, a name for Bacchus], the envied lake and hated dart, seeing the youthful plane tree, which with long trunk and innumerable branches will [at another timel go into the highest aether, he heaped up and deposited nearby fresh sands and sprinkled with wished for waters, and to such [tree] he commands: "Live long with the memorable pledge of our vow, [oh] tree, and do you at least bending love the unfeeling nymph in the hidden lair and press with leaves the wave. She indeed merited, but let her not, I pray, burn from fire from on high or be struck by a harsh hail; only remember thou to bestrew and disturb the water with leaves, then I will long recall you and the mistress of this kindly dwelling and will guard both [of you] uninjured into old age, that those of Jove, those of Phoebus, that the poplar with variegated shade, and our own pine may be startled by your budding boughs." Thus he spoke. That god, old passions having been revived, brooded, and with the slanting trunk hanging over fertile pools, for fond shadows searched the waves. And hoped to have embraced, but the life of the waters kept it away and would not suffer [its] touch. At last having surmounted difficulty beneath the breezes it is swung again from its smooth foundation and ingeniously raises [itself] to its peak, just as if it might descend into the deepest lake by a separate root, now the Naiad of Phoebe in the whirlpool does not hate but [rather] encourages the hindered branches. This little gift for you indeed we furnish on the daylight of birth [your birthday?], but perhaps it will live to a remarkable age. You, whose pleasant and cheerful honor is to erect a seat in a peaceful breast, but a virtue with weight, for whom are not lazy quiet, unjust power, nor false hopes, but a middle path by kind honesty and with an upright faith free of secrecy and [with] no commotions, while you plainly divide life into order, the same a brave condemner of easy gold, the same one also to arrange riches and wealth and to send in light. Stand firm youth in the spirit of the long and time honored traditions of Ilion to equal and surpass them: which the father of Elysium, which the mother, have bestowed down through the years: this for which the hard Sisters [i.e., the Fates] were won over, this spot which by your witness will fly oblivion and revive the towering glory of great-souled Blaesus.



#### IV. The Parrot of the same.<sup>2</sup>

Parrot, chief of the birds, lord of eloquent pleasure, adroit mimic of human speech, what so sudden fate has closed your mutterings? Yesterday's unfortunate feasts you started will expire with us, and we saw [you] plucking the pleasant offerings of the table and in the middle of the night straying much for a time among

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> i.e., of Melior.

the cushions, and having contemplated a speech you even rendered words. But now you hold that eternal vocal silence of Lethe. Let the multitude's tale of Phaeton give way: Not only swans that announce their deaths.

But how magnificent the resplendent home for you with red roof, and silver having been joined together with an ivory row of rods, and the witty squawking, with your beak now spontaneously complaining, at the entrance gates! That happy prison is bare and nowhere jeering at the august abode!

May the learned of that feathery tribe be crowded together here, to whom Nature gave the distinguished right of speaking: May the memorable bird of Phoebus [i.e., the raven] sound within and may you hear the starling sending out [varied] voices and magpies sweeping the Baeotian contest, and joining the partridge who repeatedly calls out names, and the sister [i.e, Philomela, the nightingale] of Bistonia that moans from [her] bereaved nest - bring at once together the kindred sighs, lead the dead to the flames, and teach this commiserating hymn to all:

"The parrot, most celebrated of the tribes of the air fell with glory, with a blow he the green monarch of the east; whom not the bird of Juno, with jeweled tail, surpassed in appearance, nor the winged one of cold Phasis, nor what the Numidians caught below the wet south wind, he at one time acted as welcomer and spoke in turn the name of kings, of Caesar, and of the querulous friend, now a gentle companion, having been taught to render words with such ease! Which in [its] being released, dear Melior, were never alone, but not inglorious has he been sent to the shades: the ashes were consumed with Assyrian balm and the delicate feathers breathe forth with the herb of Arabia and the crocus of Sicania; not weary with helpless age he will ascend [from] the perfumed fires a happier Phoenix."



## V. The Forbearing Lion.

What [oh lion] does it profit now to be meek in anger? What is it for a mind to forget crime and human slaughters, and for a lord to obey the command of someone less than himself? What? What, depart for home again and return into the accustomed cloister, and willingly now recede, the prey having been seized, [yet] you go inside, having given up the hand from [your] indolent bite? You, the trained destroyer of tall beasts, are undone, [but] not barred from the flock by a ring of Massylian huntsmen, nor dreading to jump hunting spears rushing on you or blindly deceived by the gaping ditch, but rather surviving, fly the animal.

He stands wretched at the cage's opening and everywhere round the closed gates the lions are incensed this impious act of peace had been permitted, all the manes then are drooping, to view the events thus told was a disgrace, with all eyes to the front pondering. Yet at the first blow, that new shame pouring forth does not overwhelm you: abiding soul, now failing courage returns from the midst of death, not for a moment giving in to all the threats from behind. Just as to them conscious of a deep wound, dying the soldier goes against a hostile enemy, he raises his hand, and with sword slipping, threatens: thus the lazy, he with accustomed step, honor having been cast off and eyes opening, hardens [in determination] and demands the enemy's life.

Yet the many comforts of a sudden [ignoble] end, you the conquered will bear, since the unhappy people and city fathers groaned at your dying, as if like a renown gladiator, you'd fallen in sorrowful arena sands; since by the look of great Caesar, the lion's loss - among so many beasts of Scythia and Libya, and from the bank of the Rhine, and from the Egyptian nation [slain], which to waste is [usually] cheap - touched him alone.



## VI. A Poem of Consolation for Flavius Ursus on the Loss of a Most Pleasant Boy.

Too savage, you whoever [it is] that set the divisions and measures of mourning. Unhappy it is for a parent have been aroused - a sin! - by the youthful and growing assurances in begetting children: and hard the

deserted couch and the office of bewailing the spouse taken away, and grim the groans and laments of sisters and brothers: but from deep and afar it enters into deeper feelings and a lesser stroke [oft] outlasts greater wounds. A family servant - thus blind Fortune that by hand mixes the names of things knows not hearts -, but you, Ursus, grieve for a loyal family servant, but in love and faith he has merited these tears, to who was joined a freedom of mind greater than pedigree. Do not suppress tears, be not ashamed; Let that grief break the restraints and hard days if it so pleases - you bewail the man - alas for me! I supply the torches [of mourning] myself -, your man, Ursus, for who in welcoming servitude with kindness, for who nothing [was done] with sadness, was willingly commanding of himself. For who [themselves] in deaths having been thrown should fault these sorrows? The Parthian laments a steed having been slain in wars, and [it is for] Molossians to weep over faithful hounds, and birds to have a funeral pyre, and the stag [of Silvia] a Maro [i.e., Vergil to lament him in the Aeneid, VII, 483-499.] Why, if not a slave also? I myself saw the demeanors and I observed you [to be] very much the master of [his] choosing; But greater in accordance with the expression of the spirit and the manifest customs of gentle breeding, a Greek and Latin daughter [in law] much would have wished and desired to have given birth to such [a son.] Not with such concern did the clever Cretan recall proud Theseus with a thread, nor Paris seeing such a rustic have brought down Spartan loves into reluctant ships upon the seas, nor do I deceive or [merely] lead a song with conventional license: I saw and still I see, [yet] singing not with a kind of charm with which Thetis hid Achilles on the virgin shore, nor with that adroit lance of Achilles which Troilus discerned, fleeing round the walls of fierce Phoebus. Of what a sort you were! See from afar [one] more beautiful than all boys and men, and [in this] less only to [his] master! Of him [the boy] one was before in good looks, so much the bright moon precedes lesser torches and so much Hesperos overwhelms other fires. Not for you a feminine look and face with splendor atop supple graces, dubious kinds of form of a sex crossing over that command reproach, but a stern manly grace; not insolent and flattering glances, but an austere fire in the eye, to be seen now handsome in a helmet, as Parthenopacus was; unaffected and with fitting awe in [his] plumes, and with the youthful flashing flourish of the eyes not yet blocked over [by age]: such a boy Eurotas lead forth from Leda's gulf, of a time of life to be preserved thus untouched, and [when] a lad commends [his] first years to Jove, he takes undertakes Elis [i.e., one of the sites of the "Olympic" games.] For from whence else might I be able in song to have recalled afresh decency of manners, calm of temper for the mind, and a tender soul more mature for his age? Not infrequently he willingly castigated master with high zeal and was helping in councils; with you [both] sad and laughing, and never did his countenance take cue from your own: deserving as well to precede in renown Haemonian Pylades [i.e., Patroclus] and [i.e., like Theseus] the trust of Cecrops, but let this be the end of praises which fortune permits: not more loyally did Eumaeus, with distressed outlook, await the return of tardy Ulysses.

What god or for what ends choose such sad wounds? From whence [is it that] the harming hand of Fate [is] so fixed? Oh to think how stronger [in adversity] you would have been, Ursus, stripped of riches and abundance! Even if rich Lorci, smoking in ruin, had belched Vesuvian fires or surging rivers had inundated the Pollentians or the onset of Lucanian Acir or Tiber had turned the deep waters to the right [sic], you would have suffered the gods with a serene face, or if nurturing Crete and Cyrene should refuse [their] trust and harvests and which bountiful Fortune from [her] bosom gives back to you with happiness. But wretched Envy, with the knowledge of griefs, sees the ways and vital aspects of the soul [and] will injure [them.] Just now at the limit of adult life that most beautiful youth had tried to bind with some three Elean lustres in three years. Dour Nemesis attended with pitiless mien, and first filled swelling eyes, [but] added brightness and set free speeches more sublime than customary, alas! Favoring with deadly pity, himself will be seen having tormented the dead lieing down with hateful embrace and, in obligation, struck and despoiled with cruel crooked cruel hand the awe inspiring. Hardly had the Morning Star at the fifth sun rise laid out his dripping horse: already Philetus, you were seeing the hard savage shores of old, and unfeeling Acheron, where for the sound of [your] master cry out! Not more harsh the mother, when alive, blackened terrible arms wailing for you, nor [less so] the father; and surely the brother who saw the funereal rites blushed at being overcome [with emotion.] But [your corse] not taken away in the [ignoble mortuary] fires for slaves: the flame exhausted the fragrant harvets of Saba and Cilicia, the cinnamon lifted way from the bird of Pharia and juices from Assyrian grass pouring and the tears of the master: so much to drink up these ashes, continuously drank this pyre; since not for you did the Setian wine snuff out the white cinders, nor the sinuous bones by the firewood that the marble enclosed, more welcome pitiful ghosts than the lamentations. But does it even help? Why, Ursus, do we give back to sadness? Why do you maintain what is lost and in the breast love a wound unjust? Where is the noted eloquence for those having been taken

wrongly in a [court] suit? Why do you torment a beloved shade with such unrestrained mourning? Outstanding of soul and merit it is permitted he be mourned: you have fulfilled [this duty.] He ascends to the brightly faithful and plucks the quiet rest of Elysium, and perhaps there finds [his] parents; or for him by Lethe's endearing silence per chance the Naiads of Avernus frolic and having been everywhere mingled, and Proserpina observes with oblique expression. Put murmuring aside, I pray; perhaps the Fates will give you another Philetus and who will show display fitting habits manners and character and joying will teach a love like his.

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## VII. An Ode to Lucan, for Polla [his wife].

Let those celebrate the special day of Lucan's, who, in the hills on the Isthmus of Dione [i.e., mother of Venus], having been urged by a gad-fly with an informed heart, drank the water paid out by the hoof [i.e., Pegasus's hoof that, striking, brought forth a spring.] They, for which it is in the power to sing, Areas inventor of the tuneful lute and you Euhan [i.e., Bacchus] whirler of Bacchantes and Paean and the sisters of Hyantia, make new with joy the purple ribbons, adorn the hair, and let the white garment be covered o'er with fresh ivy. Let the abundant streams of learning overflow. be even more green the woods of Aonia, and wherever day is let in or held back, may the shade be filled with smooth garlands. Let a hundred perfumes of Thespia's sacred grove and a hundred altar victims stand which Dirce bathes or Cithaeron suckles: We sing of Lucan, favor [us] with speech, this is your day, favor [us] Muses while he who carried you off by twin arts, and being bound by the [poetic] foot and freed of voice, is honored [as] priest of the Roman choir.

Happy - alas too much so! - and blessed country, that in the height of the ocean waves you see the forward course of Hyperion and hear the rattle of the falling wheel, that you, Baetica, provoke fertile Athens with the anointed oil presses of Lake Triton: can claim Lucan with the lands!

This is more than to have given Seneca to the world or to have begot delightful Gallio.

Let Baetis be raised to the stars back-flowing springs famous more than Meles for Greece;

Do not wish, Mantua, to challenge Beatis!

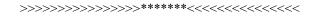
Calliope forthwith received the wailing child, and through her the earth as well, into the softening bosom at first with a sweet murmur. then next, with the shedding of grief lessened,

she flung aside the long sufferings of Orpheus and said:

"Oh youth dedicated to the Muses, soon to pass over the ancient bards, you will not stir rivers, nor the herds of wild beasts, with the plectrum, nor ash trees of Thrace, but the seven summits and the Tiber of Mars and skilled equestrians and the senate of purple will you draw forth in eloquent song. Let others attend the ruined nights of Phrygia, and the late returning path of Ulysses, and the ship of reckless Minerva, tracks well trodden by poets: You dear to Latium and mindful of the nation lay bare more powerfully the Roman drama. And yet first tender in years you will play on Hector and the chariots of Thessaly and the suppliant of the gold of mighty Priam, and will lay open the seats of inferiors, ungracious Nero in flattering theaters, and by you is our Orpheus discovered. you will speak the abominable fires of the criminal master roaming the heights of Remus. From here you will give honor and title to chaste Polla with pleasing elocution. Soon having started youth more noble you will roar forth of Philippi pale with Italian bones and the wars of Phasalia, of the leader shattered midst the arms of the god, grave Cato devoted to freedom and Magnum pleasing to popular favor. Pious you will weep bitterly the crime of Pelusian Canopus and will give to cruel Pharaoh a tomb deeper than that for Pompey. These things in the prime of youth you will sing under age, years before Virgil's "Culex" [i.e., years younger than Virgil when he wrote "The Gnat."] The Muse of Ennius of wild roughness and the lofty madness of erudite Lucretius will submit, as also will he [i.e., Apollonius of Rhodess] who led the Argonauts through seas and he [i.e., Ovid] who transformed the first bodies. What greater should I mention? "The Aeneid" itself will be honored by the Latins singing with you. Not only will I grant the splendor of songs, but also with genial torches I will ascribe proper teaching to your talent, a kind charming Venus and Juno might give, models with simplicity, good taste, judgment, tradition, grace, decorum, as well will I shout before your doors a wedding hymn with festive singing. Oh too weighty and fierce Parca [i.e., a lesser god of Fate]! Oh never long have high places been given [to anyone] by Fate! Why more do you lie open the heights [of success] to chance?
Why in turn do the savage great ne'er age?
Thus so the Nasamonian Thunderer's son [i.e., Alexander the Great] after a thunder-bolt wielding dawn and dusk
Babylon presses to a petty tomb.
Thus did Thetis trembling dread Pelides
transfixed, falling at the hand of Paris.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus I followed
the head not mute of murmuring Orpheus.
Thus also you - evil of the raging tyrant! I should headlong cast commands to be sunk in Lethe,
while you fight with the hard voice of a hound
and give consolations to grand sepulchers,
- oh dire evil! oh evil! you will be silenced."

Having thus spoken and in leaning lightly on the plectrum she wiped away the falling tears.

But you, if taken up in rearing chariots through the swift heaven of Fame's celestial vault, where mightier souls rise, you look down and smile at the earth's tombs; or if by merit the grove of peace is disclosed you keep to the blessed shores of Elysium, where the throngs of Pharsalus are assembled. and Pompeys and Catos nobly join with you in resounding song, or if you find the sacred great and proud shades in Tartarus and at a distance hear the blows of the guilty and by the lamp of the mother [i.e., Agrippina] in a vision gaze on pale Nero: you shining should be near and calling Polla and one quiet day, I beseech you, entreat the gods: it is custom here to permit returning husbands access to [their] brides. She dresses you not impudently for revels [or] in the deceptive form of a false god, but cherishes and celebrates someone sought in their deepest inner essence, as a [mere] face furnishes empty consolation, which gleams, having been observed resembling to gold, and she lies prostrate in untroubled sleep. Go far from hence, Deaths: here is source of amiable life. let cruel sorrow in the eyes yield and even the pain of tears endure festive joys, each one that's wept before, now let them adore.



### **BOOK III**

Statius Saluting his Pollius.

For you certainly, most dear Pollius and this by one whom you so faithfully hold fast to with dignified serenity, I will not be long in explaining the temerity of these little books, when immediately you know

many things arising from them within your own breast and having [before] frequently dreaded the audacity of our stylus. As often as I enter into the sanctuary of your eloquence and having been seduced by more profound literature, I am lead by you into all the folds of studies. Thus without care this the third book of our forest [i.e., our "silvae"] is being sent to you. Indeed it [earlier] had you an attending witness, but here it holds you an authority. For Surrentine Hercules opens first its [i.e., the book's] threshold, which having been consecrated on your shore, when as soon as I had seen, I adored in these verses. A small memorial comes next, in which a most splendid and pleasant youth, Maecius Celer, by the most hallowed emperor having been sent to a Syrian legion, since I was not able to follow, I thus described in detail. Also of my Claudius Etruscus some sense of duty from our studies merited compensation, when he might mourn with real tears - which at present is most rare - an old father. Thereafter Earinus, freedman of our Germanicus you know how long I might have delayed his request. When he sought that I might dedicate with verses his locks, which with a jeweled box and a mirror, he sent to Asclepius at Pergamum. The high point is a short poem, in which I exhort my Claudia to depart with me to Naples. Here, if we speak truly, and indeed with reliable word, and how when with a wife one wishes rather to persuade than please. For this you will especially favor this small book, when you might know this design for my retirement to extend chiefly to you and for me to withdraw, not into my homeland, but towards you. Farewell.

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## I. Pollius Felix's [temple of] Hercules at Surrentum.

Thy sacred rites having been interrupted, [oh] Tirynian [i.e., Hercules], Pollius restores them to you and indicates the causes of the idle year; that you might be worshipped under a greater rotunda, habitable for wandering sailors and [that] yours be not a poor roof on an bare strand, but shining gates and coverings supported by Greek metals; just as if by purifying torches of illustrious fire you once again ascended to heaven from Oeta's flame. Will you not even trust eyes and senses? Then with the thresholds having been laid open, this [shrine] too is but an ignoble keeper of a paltry altar. From whence [came] this fresh and brilliant temple unexpected by rustic Alcides? They are the destinies of gods, the purpose of places! Oh [how] swiftly dutiful! Recently here were sterile sands, spanning from the wide sea to the mountains and shaggy rocks with briars, nor was there to be discerned any paths to endure easily the grounds. For who by sudden chance enhanced these rigid boulders? Come here with Tyrian plectrum or Getic [i.e., Orphic] lyre? The year itself is astounded by the labors, and in the narrow limit of twice six, the months marvel at the ancient work, the god brought and raised his strongholds, dislodged resistant stones, and with a great heart striving repulsed a mountain: you'd think a cruel stepmother had commanded [it.]

Therefore come, whether now free from the laws of the ancestral denizens of Argos you trample Eurysthea sunk in the burial mounds, or if having been furnished alone with the power of your [sire] Jove you hold the stars, for you girded with good fortune a draught of nectar Hebe extends, better than [that] denied Phrygia: here as well you are near genius with shrines arising beneath, No Lerna harming, not the poor soil of Molorchus, nor Nemea's dreaded field and the Thracian cave, nor the polluted altars of king Pharo make demands of you, but a happy and simple domicile not knowing of fraud and evils and you are seated most dignified among the highest guests. Put aside the rude procession and the fierce bows of the quiver and the club of kings saturated with much blood, and cast off the enemy lying over [your] rigid shoulders: here for you the high cushions woven with Sidonian [i.e., purple] acanthus and a rough couch swells with ivory badges of distinction. Come calmly and mild, not troubled with wrath, nor fearing to be used as a slave, but detained in that condition which Auge of Maenalia accomplished with you with Bacchic dances and dripping with much with [your] brother [i.e., Bacchus, Hercules step-brother] and Thespius, father in law of so many, was struck dumb following the reproaches of a night roving. Here for you are festival wrestling, and yearly contests of guileless youth, without boxing gloves of rage, are carried through with swift expiation. Here a priest, inscribed in temples for a joying grandfather, still little [in years] and yet like you, when you [as a babe] pressed in hand the first monsters from the step-mother [Juno] and grieved their being killed. Yet who of the temple, [though] starting so soon, must be revered.

Come speak, Calliope, [an] Alcides, a companion for you, and with grande bow drawn tight, will sound and mimic [your] ways. It was that time when chariot of heaven came down on lands in a most scorching stroke and keen Sirius with intense Hyperion set afire the gasping fields. Already the day was near when with

kings fleeing the grove of Trivia at apt Aricia steamed and by a great torch, knowing the secret of Hippolytus, the lake glimmered; Diana herself decks worn out hounds with garlands, cleanses arrow shafts, and permits the protected wild beast to pass, while at all chaste hearths, the Italian land honors the ides of Hecate. Yet I, though for me a farm of my own under the Dardanian hills of Alba, the gift of the great prince [i.e., Domitian], and running waves at home to alleviate the cares of heat would be sufficient, you observe I had not by name the rocks of the Sirens and the host deity of eloquent Pollius, the peace of a man assiduously learning songs untried and new customs and flowers of the Pierian Muses. By chance we reflect on the day of Trivia, while on a wet shore, away from the usual narrow gates and roof laden with foliage, ward off suns wide open under a tree, and heaven withdrew and the radiant light of a sudden yielded to thin clouds and the west wind made damp with deep violet; the kind of rainstorm Saturnia carried to Libya, and fertile Elyssa was given to a Trojan husband while witnessing nymphs wailed in hiding. Wreathed in garlands, we scatter festive dishes and attendants haul away the wines; nor [is there] a place quests might depart to, although [there are] countless farms rejoicing on the height to seat a home and at many a summit the rich mountain gleams: but approaching clouds threatening, they were urged to seek the nearest [spot for cover] and trust fair weather will return. With the name of a sacred temple having been spoken, a slight dwelling stood and at the humble abode the least pursue great Alcides, hardly spacious to shelter wave-tossed sailors and searchers of the deep. Here we assemble with all the throng, here opulent feasts, swelling crowds and a most grateful cohort of servants of shining Polla are pressed together. No doors to take to, the constricted temple is insufficient. The god of Pollius blushed and laughed, with delighted heart enters, and with affectionate forearms lays hold of the man.

"Then," he says, "grantor of wealth, you are he who with a lavish intention filled equally the houses of Dicharcheus and youthful Parthenope? He who has fashioned for us so many mountain peaks, so many verdant groves, so many stones, faces imitated in gold, and so many living wax figures engraved by the eye? For what was this home, what this land, before it joyed you? You have bedecked the bare rocked with a long path. And where there was only a trail, now for you stands a high portico with distinct columns, lest the way seem mean, you have contained the lusty nymphs with a twin covering at the shore of the curved beach, I could scarcely enumerate the works; and only for me, Pollius, poor and unworthy? Yet I nevertheless enter such dwellings cheerfully, and I love the strand you have stretched out. But Juno looks down on the seat and quietly laughs at my latest domicile. With effort, give to the temple worthy altars, which ships with fair sails would be unwilling to pass by [without saluting], which the celestial father having been send for to the crowds of gods at banquets and which a sister from on high might come to [as] a temple guest. It should not intimidate you that the solid shield of the mountain opposite harden and by immense age never be consumed: I myself will be near and help such great endeavors and tear through the rough bowels of the unvielding earth. Begin and dare trusting in the exhortations of Hercules. The heights of Amphion [i.e., in Egypt] or the labor of Pergamum [i.e., at Troy] will not have been made to stand more auickly."

[Thus] he spoke and left behind [his] mind. Without pause, when in the likeness of a web [i.e., latticed network] the plans had been composed, innumerable hands enter into concurrence: to chop down these woods and to raise the timbers, with these concerns to sink the foundations in the soil, part of the damp earth [for bricks] is baked that will protect from winters and keep out the frosts, indomitable stone melts in the curved furnace. It is indeed but a special labor to raze by contract the cliffs opposite while refusing the rocks with iron. Here, he the father of the site, with the Tirynthian arms having been layed on, sweats and alone, abasing himself with the mighty twin axe, when the sky is veiled in the heavy shade of night, digs. Fertile Caprae and green Taurubulae resound, while an echo profound falls back on the level plains. Not so at grand Aetna it sounds when Brontes and Steropes strike the busy anvils, nor greater is the clangor from the den of Lemnia, when Mulciber embosses the flaming aegis and furnishes Pallas with chaste adornments. The boulders diminish, and craftsmen returning under the rosy light [of dawn] marvel at the work. Scarce another year breathes, and Tirynthius from the enormous height looks down on the rich commotion and challenges [with envy] the adjacent houses of the step-mother [Juno] while he invites Pallas to worthy shrines. Now are given over the proofs of the peaceful trumpet, now the burning sand smoke with pungent sacrifices. Not Pisaean Jupiter or the father of shaded Cirrha would disdain these honors. Nothing with sadness at these places; let the sad Isthmus yield, let fierce Nemea yield: here a happier child makes offering. The young Nereids themselves bound wantonly from pumice caverns [beyond]: they cling to the wet rocks nor does it shame to observe the nude wrestlers in secret. Timbered

[Mount] Gaurus looks on the woods and vine of Icarus [i.e., a Spartan pupil of Bacchus], which crowns Nesis fixed in the sea, and placid Limon and Euploea a [good] omen for ships, and Lucrine Venus, Greek trumpets out from the summit of Phrygia, Misenus, you will learn of besides, while Parthenope smiles with gentle kindness at the sacred rites of men and naked contests and miniature likenesses of her crown.

But come yourself freely to the performances of your own contest and dignify it with [your] invincible hand; whether to divide clouds with the discus or outdo the flying zephyrs with the javelin, or yourself with delightful might the Libyan gymnasium in a knot, grant these consecrated rites, and if the apples of Hesperides remain for you, heap [them] in the venerable lap of Polla; for she captivates and will not be found unworthy of so great an honor. Since if with sweetness she might resume the splendor and youthful years - give pardon, Alcides - per chance you had also brought to her to be spun [i.e., as Hercules had done while serving Omphale, queen of Lydia.]

Here, happy to have reveled, I carried libations destined for the altars. Now himself on the threshold - I discern, launching expressions and bringing forth such words [as these]: "Well done these riches of souls in imitation of my labors, by which the rigid cliffs and barren deserts of nature have been put to shame and you have subdued and turned the base wilderness of beasts into use for habitation and display to view the hidden divinity. With what reward for merits will I now compensate you? With what thanks will I repay? I will keep the threads of the spinning Fates extended - I know how to defeat implacable Death -, I will turn aside grief from you, forbid sad injuries, concede no harm to youth, and renew old age to long behold young grand children, as long as he [the grandchild] is ripe for a bride and she for a husband, and once more from these progeny, a new and impudent flock presently crawls on the shoulders of the grandparent, now in an affectionate troop they run eagerly to the kisses of mild Polla. For never will the end of the age be established for temples, as long as the engine of flame bearing heaven will carry me. Not more [frequently] will ancient Nemea and Argos be inhabited by me, nor the abode at Tiber, or Gades, den of the sun." Thus he spake; and stroking the rising fire on the altars and stirring the white poplar leaves at the temples, he swore by Styx and the lightning bolt of the empyreal father.

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## II. A Farewell Poem for Maecius Celer.

[Ye] gods, for whom it is love to guard daring ships and to calm the fierce dangers of the windy main, lay out softly the sea and turn to peaceful council consecrated with vows, praying that the gentle wave not roar: "We give to you, Neptune, a rare charge for the profound abyss. A youth Maecius that has been committed with deep doubt and he, the greater part of our soul, prepares to cross upon the ocean. Bring forth benign stars and, brothers of Oebalia, rest upon the twin horn of the yardarm; and may the sea and heavenly vault shine for you; by the distant star of the Ilian sister. Put to flight, I pray, the rain clouds and shut all out from firmament. You also, Nereids, green-blue troop of the sea and to whom fortune grants the honor of the second kingdom - to speak, stars of the great sea, what for me may be proper -, arise from the glassy caves of Doris foaming, and the bay of Baiae tranquilly swimming about the fruitful shore of the warm waves in earnest competition, searching for where the tall ship, which Celer of Ausonia, reared by a warlike noble, joys to ascend. Nor must it [i.e., the ship] be long sought: for in the way across the ocean to the lands, it first carried in from grave Dicharchea the [harvest] year of Pharia, it first hailed Caprea and from the starboard beam sprinkled Mareotic [i.e., Egyptian] wines [in libation] to Minerva of Tyrrhena. Of which surround on either side in a loose circle, and having divided extend you in turns the tow chains, fasten you the linen of the sails to the mast tops, open you the folds to the western winds; let one part reset the crossbeams, another cast in the waters rudders from the arching stern; let one from the rest with heavy lead weight sound the deep, let them tie fast by hook whatever pod [i.e., small craft] will follow after from behind, and haul up from below the anchor ropes; may this one temper and lower the swelling sea towards the sunrise: may none of the blue-gray sisters go without [some] duty [to perform.] May many-bodied Proteus and Triton of the twin-form swim here, and Glaucus who by unnatural event suddenly lost the still yet [human] loins of his father, how oft he glides with smooth tail striking the shore of Anthedon. You however before all, Palaemon with the mother goddess, declare, if for me your love may span beyond Thebes, I sing, nor with ignoble plectrum, of Apollo's Amphion. And may the father, who discourages the winds into [their] Aeolian prison, whom all breezes and cloudy winter storms blowing throughout the

oceans of the variegated world obey, confine tightly Boreas [i.e., the north wind], Eurus [i.e., east wind] and Notus [i.e., south wind] hurled from the mount: solely with Zephyr may the forces of the welkin be, may he alone constant drive and float aloft the ships on the highest billows at sea; until he bestows your glad sails, free of the whirlwind, on the Paraetonian strands."

We are heard. He himself [i.e., Aeolus?] calls and reproaches boat and seamen delaying. Behold my heart, already cold with fear, slips and, though dread of the omen warns, I cannot withhold the tears suspended at the rim of [mine] eyes. And now, the rope cast off, the sailor separates the ship from the lands and lets down the narrow bridge onto the sea. From abaft the hard master with a far cry sunders and wrenches apart the faithful kisses and embraces, nor permits one long on the dear neck to be detained. And yet [only] at the very last will I return from each citizen back onto the lands, nor now leave but with the keel falling away.

For who daring of character, having been rudely torn apart from wretched creatures, made the sea a passageway and drove out and cast forth the blessed offspring of solid earth on to a sea of widening waves? For was that not of more reckless power which joined icy Pelion to Ossa's height and pressed panting Olympus to two yokes [i.e., land and ocean.] Do you not strain continually in such great measure [also] to cross marshes and lakes and to relieve with bridges narrow currents? With abruptness, we sail everywhere in the naked breeze and fly native lands in the small enclosure of the ship. From thence the furor of the indignant gale has roared with winds from heaven and more than enough lightning from the Thunderer. Earlier in a listless dream the ships were numb on the smooth water, nor were they daring to be covered in the foam of Thetis, nor were clouds sprinkling the tides. With the ships having been seen [by the clouds], the waves began to swell, and a storm arose against man. Then in justice I protest the lowering Pleiades and the Olenian goat [i.e., star Capella], then Orion more inauspicious than [was his] wont; Behold he flies the roving billows through the exploits of the small ship, and by keeping long watch of the mast in the slender light, little by little vanquishes so many fears encircling. Whatever beyond that remains with you, a pledge of our affection, will carry, Celer. By what thought now will I be able to endure day or sleep [at night]? What all fearing or ready herald will overlook you at the mouth of the sea in the frenzied wave of Lucania, while the torture of Charybdis surges or the virgin ravisher of Sicily [i.e., Scylla] pours forth, which headlong hastening bears you to the habits of the Adriatic, a Carpathian peace; of a kind that would carry you away; as was the daughter of Agenor [i.e., Europa] by the deception of the flattering bull? Yet I merited [such] moaning. For why did I not active come from the camp with you or unknown comrades seeking exotic India and the chaos of Cimmeria? I should have been standing by the war trumpets of the king with my standard, whether with spear in hand, you grasping the reins, or swearing by oath to the soldiers; and although not a companion or your calling, certainly I will be admired to have been present. If formerly Phoenix, venerated by great Achilles, came to the shore of Ilion and Thymbraean Pergamum not ready for war or sworn by oath to swelling Atrides, wherefore [then should] my love be [thought] ignoble? Yet with a faithful heart, I will follow your sails and never be distant from the promises of days long gone by.

Isis, at one time housed within the caves of Phoroneus, now queen of Pharos and divinity of the breathtaking orient, receive the Mareotic ship with bronze sistrums [i.e., rattle like instrument used in ceremonies of Isis], and the singular youth, to whom a prince of Latium has given ensigns the East and the cohorts of Palestine to bridle, lead him with gentle hand past your festive thresholds and sacred harbors. Stand over him that he may discover from whence is permitted the fecundity of the marshy Nile; why the shallows settle and the bank, formed by the swallows' clay, confines the waves; why Memphis envies, or why the shore Therapnean Canopus runs riot [in play]; why the gatekeeper of Lethe guards the Pharian altars; why mean animals equal mighty gods; what altars life-imbued Phoenix prepares for himself, what fields Apis deems worthy or in what flood of the Nile he sinks himself, having been honored by tremulous shepherds. And lead to the Emathian shades, where the warlike founder of the city, steeped in the nectar of Hybla, hardens, and the snake haunted den, where Cleopatra, drowned in alluring poison, fled the Ausonian chains of Actium; and further lead him unto the Assyrian seats, the armies having been commanded to escort the youth of Mars; goddess, bequeath [him hailing] from Latium, [that] he may not be a novice guest: for these things the boy sweated in the fields, having been much noted of yet greater [accomplishments], in the [honored] light of the [noble] tunic; already yet [possessed] of a strength to outrun the squadrons in quick circuit and, with the javelin, to shame the arrows of the East.

There will therefore be that day when greater [award] will be given for merit, Caesar commands you to depart from war, but we standing here once again on the shore will discern vast tides and welcome other breezes. Oh then how much I [will be] or else how much will I stir the lyre with offertory stirring! When with [your] great neck having been bound [in embrace], you will raise me to the shoulders and on my breast you first press, having from the new ship been preserved, and you pay back banter while in turn we recount the years intervening, you the rapid Euphrates and royal Bactra, and the recent riches of ancient Babylon and Zeugma, the way of Latin peace, how sweet Idume's flowering grove, what reddens precious Tyrian dye, with what purple fluid that of Sidon is renewed in jars, where from radiant bud, fertile balsamic juice first sweats at the stalk: but I, having been overcome, give what tombs [I may] for the Pelasgians [i.e., burial for the Pelasgians in Statius' epic "The Thebiad"], while otherwise for me the page closes on the Theban labor.

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#### IV. The Locks of Flavius Earinus.

Go Hence, [you] locks of hair, go I pray and hasten across a ready ocean, lying softly in a golden ring; go, gentle Cythera [i.e., Venus] will give and placate the course with favorable good luck, and should by chance the ship be feared for, [you] will be transported and led upon the seas in her conch shell. Accept, youth of Phoebus, these lauded tresses, which Caesar's servant gives to you, accept the happiness, and show [them] to the unshaven sire. Permit he sweetly compare the shining [strands] and long think them to be [those] of brother Lyaeus.

Perhaps never again with gliding hair will he reap honor [in this way], and so will place it for you in an enclosed space with other gold. Pergamum, much more favored than pine-covered Ida! - [though] she [i.e., Ida] permitted herself to be pleased by the sacred abduction [i.e., of Ganymede] in a cloud -, certainly she gave him to the gods, whom Juno, annoyed, ever sees, and avoids and refuses the nectar from [his] hands -, but you pleasing to the gods sent to beautiful and nurtured Latium distinctions of honor, which ministrant both Ausonian Jupiter and Roman Juno equally behold with placid brow approve of. Not without reason [was there] so much divine pleasure for the mighty lord of the lands.

It is said golden Venus, while she seeks the Idalian groves from the summit of Eryx and drives the docile swans, had entered the [consecrated] abodes of Pergamum, where the greatest helper for the sick is present, and hastening to restrain the fates, the merciful god with the healing serpent lies. She herself observes here the splendid boy of surpassing beauty settled down playing before the altars of the god, and first of a sudden is a little deceived by the form and thinks [him] [one] of [her] common children; but there was no bow and no shade [i.e., made by wings] from the effulgent shoulders. Gazing she marvels at the dignity, countenance, and mane of hair of the boy.

"Will you then" she says "go to the Ausonian towers neglected by Venus? Will you suffer dirty dwellings and be prostituted to the yoke of servitude? May such a thing be far off and away: I will give the lord of beauty these things which he has merited. Come and go with me, child: in the flying chariot I will [you] across the vast stars a gift for the leader; nor will plebeian vows detain you; you ought to be a servant for Palatine [i.e., or "Palace"] affection. Nothing, nothing, I admit, I saw or gave birth to so sweet in all the world. The Latmian will freely yield to you, and the Sangarian lad, and he excited by the image in the barren springs and whom love consumed. Cerulean Nais would have preferred you and being seized would more vigorously have got [you] in a jar. You, child, before all; he alone to whom you will be surrendered is more beautiful."

So uttering, she commands [him] to take seat with her and raises the twin-yoked swans through the light air. Without delay, now the Latin mountains and the homesteads of ancient Evander, which with a new structure the celebrated father of the world honors and makes Germanicus equal with the loftiest stars. Then were those cares now nearer now to the goddess: which [for him would be] the best shape of the hair, which vestment suitable to set alight the roseate face, what [rings] on the fingers, what gold on the most worthy neck. She knew the eyes of the celestial leader, and herself had joined the pine torches [of wedlock], and granted marriages with a full right hand: Thus she adorns his hair, thus lays on the Tyrian

cloak, bestows rays and her own fire. Yield [ye] earlier companies and servant of the beloved fair; here for the great leader first, with radiant hand, he brings crystal cups and heavy myrrh [in vessels]: the new charm enhances Bacchus [i.e., the wine.]

Boy beloved of the gods, who has been chosen to sip the consecrated nectar and as often to lay hold the great right hand, that Getae knew; which Persians, Armenians and Indians seek to touch! Oh brought forth by a fortunate star, much indulgence favored the god towards you! Even once, lest next youth despoil and esteem of beautiful form darken flourishing cheeks, the god of [your] fatherland himself left noble Pergamum and crossed the seas. No power has been trusted to weaken the boy, but he of Phoebus by gentle art commands the youth not be struck by any wound from sex to cross [his] person. But anxious with cares Cythera fears the boy's being bitten by sorrows. Not yet had the beautiful distraction of the leader [i.e., emperor] begun to preserve males untouched from birth; now it is a crime to undermine the sex and to modify the man, glad nature sees and only gives birth to such, nor by an improper law do mothers of a slave fear to bear the weight of sons.

Further now youth, had you been born later, with shaded adult cheeks and a more robust frame, you would gladly have sent not one gift to the shrine of Phoebus; now may this single plait of hair sail to the shores of the fatherland. Here steeped in much Paphian balm, here new combed by the thrice favoring Graces; and to this Nisus' wounded locks of purple will yield, and as well what pride-swelled Achilles kept for Spercheus.

These when shorn, when first it was decreed the snowy brow to pluck and by hand to lay bare the sleek shoulders, hastened to be held by the winged host [i.e., Cupids] of the Paphian mother and place the tresses on the breast in a silken coverlet. Then cutting the hairs with united arrows, they arrange them in gold and gems, the mother Cythera herself snatches and renews the mystic fragrances. Then a boy from the celebrated throng, who by chance with upturned hands had brought a mirror bejeweled in gold:

"This also we should give," he asserts; there will not be any gift more gracious for the temples of homelands and more powerful than gold itself. Only fasten you the keen eye and face and remain here always."

Thus seized by the image he spake and left open [to view] the reflection.

But that most singular lad stretching forth hands to the stars: "For me for these gifts, most comely guardian of men, if I have merited, may you wish the lasting youth of the master renewed and to preserve [him] for the world! This the stars, and this the waves and lands ask [jointly] with me. May he pass through the years, I pray, like him from Ilion [i.e., Priam] and him from Pylos [i.e., Nestor], and may he joy in his nearest family and the Tarpeian temples grow old with him."

So he said and marveled at the [emotionally] stirred altars of Pergamum.



## V. A Short Poem to the Wife [i.e., of Statius].

Why for me, wife, do you prolong an unhappy day, why [unhappy] shared nights, why the anxious vigils with sighing care? I do not fear but that trust has been injured or [that there be] a second love in this heart; it is not given to you to go with arrows [i.e., of, for example, "arrows" of jealousy] - let Rhamnusian [i.e., Nemesis] hear and permit this with hostile look [if he will] - it [still] is not given. And if from the shore of the fatherland I were taken into service through four wars, [or] I should wander through seas to the wilderness, you untouched would put to flight a thousand wooers, not [i.e., like Penelope] reversing a feigned web that had been cut apart, but [indeed] without deceit, you would openly refuse forced matrimony. Yet speak, from whence [comes] to me the remote expression and clouded looks? Can it be that I, weary, am predicted to return to Euboean homes and settle old age in the paternal land? Why for you this sadness? Certainly no heart with wantoness, nor do the battles of the rapid Circus delight you nor do the crowds of the shouting theater enter [your] feelings; but honesty and shaded quiet; never sordid delights.

Yet comrade through what waves do I drag you? And though I should travel to the icy Arctic to remain or upon the misty channels of western Thule, or the impenetrable source of the sevenfold Nile, you would urge the journeys. And since yours - truly whom kind Venus joined by fate to me in the flowering years and preserves into old age -, yours, which to wound [in love], still yet a youthful wanderer, you first fixed me untried in marriage, and your responsive reins I willingly took in, and once I press onward, the reins inserted will not be changed. You bringing shining Alban gifts with shining leaves, and [I] having been dressed in the consecrated gold of Caesar, and your wreathed body embraced, you gave me breathless kisses; you, when the lyres were being disowned at our Capitol, you felt hurt with me surviving sayage and thankless Jove; you, advancing with the first sounds, with vigilant ear and after a murmur carried off all our nights in song; you [were] the sole partner of long toil; when in years with you my "Thebaid" came into being. Being snatched as like nearly to stygian shades, when already I could hear at hand the Lethean streams, I saw you, and preserved [my] eyes now failing in death. Of course drained by fate, Lachesis gave to me only time to be pitied by you, with the mighty gods fearing your displeasure. After this do you now hesitate to go a bosom comrade on the chosen path? Ah, where are the faiths so well known and tested through experience, where are the righteous Latin and Greek heroines of old? Penelope would have gone gladly to the community of Ilion - for what might deter lovers? -- if Ulysses had suffered it; Aegiale complained, Meliboea complained to be left behind and how - how fiercely - did Bacchante make wailing. Not less than these you have known to give faith and life to husbands. Thus assuredly do you yet still seek the ashes and shade of the previous [spouse], thus with a heart lamenting, receive the excessive obsequies for the consort of song a second time, [but that] now are mine. Not different for you is the care of a daughter, thus also you love [as] a mother, thus never from the breast recedes your daughter, you stay fixed to the inmost sanctuaries of the soul night and day. Not so does Alcyone of Trachis encircle nests, nor Philomela, cherishing spring-tide homes, transfer as security [her] life.

Now she supports you, alone on a widowed bed that wears away the unfruitful leisure of beautiful youth. But the marriages with plenteous pine torches will come [for her], they will come. Thus surely [her] goodness of mind and form merit; whether she seeks the lyre embraced or with ancestral voice resounds for the Muses to hear, and prevails on my songs, or with a soft motion spreads open [her] radiant arms: modesty and truthfulness outlast cleverness and art. Will not she shame polished boys, [but] not you Cythera, remiss in this distinction? Not only does fertile Rome bring together marriage beds and kindle festive pine torches; and son-in-laws are given to our land. Not so much does Vesuivius' flaming peak, and dire storms from the mountains, impoverish towns trembling with citizens: they stand and thrive with peoples. From here by the augury of Phoebus are the abodes of Dicarchus founded, the harbors and hospitable shores of the world: and here are walls imitating a tract of great Rome, which Capys filled with imported Trojans. Not rare also are gentle Parthenope and our own little framers, for whom alone, having crossed the seas, Apollo himself revealed the dove of Dione.

I endeavor to convey to you these habitations - for neither barbaric Thrace or Libya is my native soil which combines the mild winters and cool summers, which the unwarlike sea washed [sic] with languid waves: untroubled peace with lazy seats and spare time for life and [where] never are rest and finished sleep disrupted. No madness in the forum or laws strained in quarreling: strength of equitable customs alone is obeyed and without rods and axes. Why now do you magnify the refinement and splendors of places and temples spaces interspersed with innumerable columns, the dual structure of the covered and uncovered theater and the five years of the Capitoline ceremonies nearby? Why should I praise the seashore and liberty of Menander, which mixes Roman honor and Greek license? Nor are their lacking round about [there] the delights of a varied life: Whether, on a most alluring coast, at vapor exhaling Baiae, or seeing the inspired dwellings of prophetic Sybil, [or] the ridge with the memorable oar of Ilion, it may be sweet; whether for you the dripping vineyards of Bacchic Gaurus, where Pharos, envied by the night-roving moon, raises reassuring beacons for frightened sailors, and the Surrentine hills beloved of manly Lyaeus [i.e., Bacchus, which the mind of inhabitant Pollious esteems before all others, and the healing lakes of Aenaria and Stabiae reviving [you]: will I speak to you of the thousand loves of our land? But it is enough here wife, enough to have so said: it [i.e., land] created me for you, committed me a companion for the long years. Surely is not this mother and nourisher to be seen [as] the honor of both [of us]? But more ungrateful that I, who unites with your character, should doubt: you will come, dearest spouse, and arrive before long besides; without me the Tiber, the leader of waters and the house of arm-bearing Quirinus, will appear unworthy of you.

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#### **BOOK IV**

Statius to his Marcellus, Greetings.

I found a book, most dear Marcellus, that I should dedicate to your sense of responsibility. For my part, I think otherwise than invoking the divinity of the great emperor [with which] to have begun my trifle: but this has three [such poems(?)]; the fourth of which touches on your honor. In the first of these, however, I have paid homage to consulship seventeen of our Germanicus; in the second I give thanks honoring his most hallowed feast; in the third I marveled at the highway of Domitian, where he removed the most burdensome hindrance of [excess] sands [i.e., obstructing the road.] For whose benefit you as well will receive in a most timely manner my epistle, which I write for you in this book from Naples. Next is a song lyric to Septimius Severus, a youth, that you know among the most decorated of the second [i.e., equestrian] order, and indeed your fellow pupil, yet less a formal obligation than one [personally] dear to me also. For the Hercules at table [statuette] of our [friend] Vindix a subsequent honor, which from me and from its enthusiasm merits [attention], and [which] I can claim credit [for] even by you.

That Vibius Maximus with a name of diginity and eloquence to be loved by us was given witness to enough in the letter to him regarding the edition of my "Thebaid" which I published; but now I ask him also to return sooner from Dalmatia. To it is joined a short poem to my fellow native Julius Menecrates, a splendid youth and the son-in-law of my [friend] Pollius, for whom I am glad that he has honored our Naples with a number of volumes. Plotius Grypus, a youth of higher rank, I return a more worthy little work, but in the interim, I have inesrted in this volume some hendecasyllables which we laughed together over during some Saturnalias.

Wherefore then is there more in the fourth "Silvae" than in the preceding books? Lest some think to have urged, who criticized as I hear, that I had cast aside this kind of stylus [i.e., writing.] First, it is pointless to argue against a thing done; then much of these I had already given to lord Caesar, and how much more to consume than is this? Moreover, is it not permitted I indulge a joke? "In secret," he says. But we see also ball games and play acting with birds [?, i.e., "palaris"; "fencing" in one translation, or similarly "pales or stakes"?] is permitted. At last, whoever reads something of mine reluctantly, at once professes himself an adversary. So, why should I agree to his counsel? In sum, truly I am one who is traduced; let him [then] be silent or let him joy. Yet you, Marcellus, will defend this book, and if at this juncture it seems less, we will hold back. Farewell.



I. Seventeenth Consulship of the Emperor Augustus Germanicus.<sup>3</sup>

Happy the purple [i.e., consulship, not principate] of Caesar with twice eight festivals, and Germanicus opens upon a distinguished year and springs forth with the new sun, and the grand constellations, shining more clear, he first and greater than the morning star. Let the laws of Latium exult, joy ye aediles, and more proud Rome with sevenfold summit strike the upper air, and the hill of Evander applaud more than other heights: new powers have moved up on the Palatine hill, and the twelve-fold lictors [of the consulship], receiving rest, and the Senate, with prayers, joys to have overcome the modesty of Caesar. Even the great reviver of immeasurable age, Janus himself, raises [his] countenances and gives thanks at both thresholds, whom you have bound by Peace from all neighboring war and commanded to establish and to swear obedience to laws in a new forum, behold from hence he lifts [his] hands thrown backward and thereupon with double voice speaks these [words]:

"Hail, great parent of the world, you who prepare with me to renew the ages, your Rome desires to discern you ever so great during my month; thus the times to be born, thus times to be born, thus is it fitting to enter upon the years. Give continual joys to the annals; Let him encircle these shoulders with many folds of

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> i.e., Domitian

purple and the toga hurried with the hands of your Minerva. See you another brightness in the temples, a higher fire on the altars, that the stars themselves warm my winter? And that the squadrons and tribes and fathers of the purple rejoice in your customs, and every honor from the consul commands the light? What such [glory], I pray, did the year before have? Come speak, mighty Rome, and with me, long Antiquity, reckon the annals nor review trite examples, but only what my Caesar deems excelling. Thrice ten for Latium, Augustus, in the passing years, lifted the rods and axes, but began [his consulship] too late began to be [properly] merited: you young man surpassed the forefathers. And [yet] how much you refuse, how much you forbid [yourself]! Moreover often you will promise to persuade the senate with petitions this day, a longer line [of honors? or successors to the throne?] remains in addition, and happy Rome will give you the chariots of state [i.e., curules] as much as three and four times. With you will found another era, and the altar of the ancient parent will be restored to you; you will carry off a thousand trophies, make possible such grand triumphs: Bactra remains, Babylon remains to be held in check with new tribute; not yet [are] the laurels of India in the lap of Jove, not yet do the Arabs and Seres request, not yet has the year every honor [still possible], ten months desire your names [i.e., that you select for them.]"

Thus Janus pleased took himself back into the closed portal. Then all of the gods gave signs for joyful heaven to be opened, Jupiter declared o you an extended youth, great leader, and promised [as well] his years.



## II. A Poem of Thanksgiving to Emperor Augustus Germanicus Domitianus.

He who brought great Aeneas to the Laurentian plains praises the royal banquets of Sidonian Elissa, he who ended [the story of] Ulysses returning from many a sea shows the feasts of Alcinous in enduring song: yet I, whom Caesar gave the new joys of a sacred feast and now for the first time to arise at the mistress table, where I may celebrate my vows with the lyre. What thanks laid out by me will suffice? Not if at a glad peak Smyrna and Mantua together should bind fragrances and laurels for me could I worthily speak. I seem to recline in the midst of stars with Jove and to take up wine extended from the hand of an Ilion immortal! We have crossed over barren years: [but] these [are the] first days of my generation, this the threshold of life. Is it you, the great parent and ruler of lands and of the subjugated world, the hope of men, the care of the gods, you I recumbent behold? Is it right it be given these things at hand, to be given to look upon faces amid wines and tables and not [have] to arise?

An august roof, enormous, not conspicuous with a hundred columns, but of as many that, with Atlas removed, are able to uphold the gods and heaven. This astounds the neighboring palaces of the Thunderer, and divinities are happy to have you placed equal with [their] abode. Nor would you hurry to ascend to the great heaven; so many vast causeways and the vigor of the palace more unrestrained than a field and much embraced by the canopies of the air, and yet so much less than the master; he fills and delights the dwellings with his extraordinary genius. There the mountain of Libya and the shining Ilion are rivals and many stones from Syene and Chios competing with sea-green [marble] of [Doris(?)] and with only the moon sufficient [i.e., to compete with (?)] for the carrying columns. Boundless beyond splendors: with wearied views you could hardly take in the heights and would think the fretted ceiling belonged to golden heaven. Here Ceasar at once commands princes of Romulus and a thousand royal robed processions to recline at the tables, Ceres herself, her lap [with grain] well prepared, and Bacchus labor to provide. Thus blessed, the [plowed] wheel-track of celestial Triptolemus streamed; thus did Lyaeus shade the bare hills and abstemious countryside under the vine-bearing bough.

But not for me, rested on ivory pillars and Moorish timbers, plates of food and troops of servants in succession, him, him only I desire to view, he was freed, a tranquil face, and emitting rays with serene majesty, soothing with modesty the [glorious] banners of his fortune; moreover he shone with an expression that ignored the honors. Such a sight too an enemy barbarian and strange nations would be able to recognize. Not otherwise reclined Gradivus in the gelid vale of the Rhodopes, having set the horses free; so Pollux placed aside sinuous limbs released from the wrestling of Therapnae, so lies Euhan at the Ganges by the shrieking Indians, thus grave Alcides [i.e., Hercules] having returned following frightful injunctions joyed to lay [his] side on the bed of the lion [skin.] And yet I speak with justice your small points about

[your] countenance, Germanicus: of such a superb kind, when he goes back and sees the end of the Ocean and the tables of Ethiopia, the face suffused with scared nectar, the greatest leader commands the Muses to grant mystic songs and Phoebus to the triumphs of Pallene.

May the gods - for they are often said to listen [even] to lesser souls - decree for you to go forth twice and three times [beyond] the limits of [your] father's old age! May you send authorized divinities [i.e., notable relatives of the Emperor] to the stars, give temples, and dwell in [divinely established] homes! Oft may you lay open the yearly thresholds, oft may you salute Janus with a new lictor, oft may you renew the quinquennial [games] with garlanded ceremonies! Where to me you gave your blessed feasts and sacred tables, after a long time of such the light came to me, like as under the hills of Trojan Alba, when [I sang] the measure of the German lines, the measure of the Dacians sounding battles, your hand dressed [i.e., awarded] me with the gold of Pallas.

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#### III. The Domitian Road.

What din of hard iron and of vast rock near the ocean filled the side of the stony Appian Way? Certainly not bands of Libyans clamor, nor a foreign leader swearing to war shakes unquiet the Campanian plains, nor does a Nero crush the fords [for a canal] and with mountains hewn bring on sordid marshes, yet rather he who encircles the warlike thresholds of Janus with just laws at the forum, who restored to chaste Ceres, long refused, the sober lands and fields, who [as] Censor forbids the strong sex to perish and prohibits male adults to fear the torture of handsome beauty, who returns the Thunderer to the Capitol and restores Peace to its very home, who will ever dedicate the lights of father's nation and the heaven of Flavia: he of the people burdened with sluggish roads and the long plains detaining every path he removes circuitous routes and with a new injection makes solid the painful sands, gladdening the home of the Euboean Sibyl and the laps of Gaurus while moving seething Baiae to the seven hills.

Here in times past the lazy traveler borne on a single planked axle uncertain gave way when the niggardly earth absorbed the wheels and the Latin folk in the midst of the plains shuddered at the unkind navigation; not nimble paces, but hindered the silencing wheel-ruts delayed the journey, As long as too much weight is seeking the deep under, the lanquid four-footed [animal] creeps along with the chariot pole. Yet the way now, that [once] wore out the entire day, is hardly made in two hours. Not [by] the stretched pinions of birds through the stars, nor by ship, will you proceed more swiftly.

Here the initial work was to set up the tracks, to cut back the uncultivated grounds, and to excavate and bear away the inner grounds; next was to refill the emptied trenches in a different manner and to prepare the lap [of the road] with [its] ridge's end, lest the soils give way, lest a doubtful bed, with pressing stones, give way to treacherous foundations; then to secure the path with collected knobs and thick pegs here and there. Oh, how many hands labor together! These chop wood and strip the mountains, these raise rocks and timbers with iron; these bind stones and construct the work with the powder and baked dirty tufa; these dry by hand the soaking cavities and drive off lesser streams from afar. These with the right hand are able to hollow out Athon and without a floating bridge can block up the grim sea of groaning Helle. these, unless the gods forbid the way, could have Ino's small Isthmus mingled [with] the straits. the moving shores of forest are agitated, the noise travels through the midst of distant cities, and from hence and thereon cluster-bearng Massicus at once sends back a shattering echo to Gaurus. Quiet Cynme, the Liternian marshe and listlesss Savo marvel at the sound.

But [the river] Vulturnus, the golden head and the broad swamp with the soft sedge impeded, raises the face and reclining on the great arch of Caesar's bridge with raucous throat(s) overflows with such [words as these]:

"Noble builder on my plains, who having poured into my unfrequented vales, you have bound the unlearned skirts of the hollow with laws of propriety, now I, that also was impatient and threatening having before scarcely suffered skittish boats, now I bear a bridge passable by foot; I who had been accustomed to seize lands

and to whirl forests - it shames [me]! -I begin to be a river; Yet I give thanks and so great is the service, since under you as leader, with you commanding [I] yield, since you are to be read [as] the supreme arbiter and perpetual victor of my bank. now you you honor me with a blest path nor do you permit dirtying and widely remove the wicked shame of barren soil, nor would I oppress the dusty air while the bay of the deep Tyrrhenian sea cleanses me, just as Cinyphian Bagrada silently creeps the banks amidst the Punic fields, but such will I bear, that on a shining course I might be able with a pure stream rival the sea and nearby tranquil Liris."

These things the river [spoke] together [as] the marbled expanse raised itself from the huge ridge. The entrances of this prosperosu threshold is an arch, with trophies of the warlike leader and shining all with the metals of Liguria, as great as he who decks the clouds for rain. The traveler roused is turned there there Appia itself is left behind Appia abandoned. then more quickly and keenly the course, then the force delights even the yoked teams; as when the weary arms of the oarsmen and the sails are fanned with the first breeze. Come all therefore, that under the foremost sky you honor the faith of the Roman father, come forward and visit at the path of the nations, come more swiftly laurels of the East. Nothing opposes longing, nothings delays: he who at first dawn left the Tiber behind, at evening sails first Lake Lucrinus.

But how at the inmost end of the recent road, where Apollo reveals the ancients [sibyls] of Cumae, I discern white with fillets and tresses! Are we deceived by the vision? Or does the Sibyl bring forth bay leaves of Chalcis from the sacred grottos? Let us submit; lyre, restore now the song: it must be silent, a more divine poet begins. Behold! while in new intervals she rotates the head widely, she celebrates the Bacchic rites and fills up the road. Then with virgin mouth thus she calls out:

"I spake, stay river and fields, he will come -, he will come favoring heaven, who will lift the foul forest and putrid sands onto lofty bridges and a road. Lo! Here is the god, Jupiter himself

will command him to rule for him the happy lands; where he places under these reins none more worthy, where Aeneas penetrated and left behind the sacred groves of Avernus hungrily seeking from me foreknowledge of the leader that will be. This the man of honor for peace, here with arms to be feared better and more puissant than Nature. Here if he might master the flame-bearing skies, you India would have moistened with lavish clouds, (you) Libya have streamed, (you) Haemus have warmed. Hail, leader of men and parent of gods, for me the divine will foreseen and established. Scan not now with crumbling sheets unrolled of fifteen men in solemn prayer my words, but rather be singing close at to be heard, as you deserve. I saw how the bright sisters [i.e., the Fates] bound a series worthy of the age for you: Great may you abide with the order of the ages, and longer than by sons and great-grandsons you will bear the peaceful years with perpetual youth, which Nestor is said to have approached, which old Tithonus counted and as many as I have asked of the Delian gods. The snowy North has already sworn to you, now the East will grant great triumphs. You will go where wandering Hercules and Euhan [went] beyond the stars and the flaming sun, to the head of the Nile and snows of Atlas. and blessed by all you will ascend to the peak of praises and refuse the war waging chariot; as long as the Trojan fire [remains] and Tarpeian Father thunders in the hall reborn, as long as these things more than Appian's years may your road age with you ruling the earth."

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## IV. Letter to Vitorius Marcellus.

Not sluggish, hurry letter through the Euboean plains, entering here the roads, where celebrated Appia comes forth to the side and the solid causeway presses the soft sands, and when you have passed into the towers of Romulus, without pause seek the favorable shores of golden Tiber, where Lydia confines by an inner bank the naval lake and the shoal is bordered by suburban pleasure gardens. There you shall see and recognize exquisite Marcellus with pre-eminent beauty, spirits and a lofty height. To whom I am in the habit of first greeting according to the custom of the people, remember next to render these words enclosed in this manner:

"Now slacken the lands and the winged welkin of watery Spring while heaven burns with Icarian barking; now the high walls of crowded Rome thin out. These the sacred grounds of Praeneste, these the gelid grove of Diana, or shuddering Algidus or the Tusculum shade covers. What more mild likewise draws you away from the plague of the clamorous city? In what sky do you cheat the summer suns? Which? Before everyone [else], your most prominent concern, your Gallus, and our love also - without doubt with good habits of character to be commended - can it be he passes the summer on the Latin shores [or] does he now return to the walls of metal-bearing Luna and [his] Tyrrhenian homes? Since if he clings nearest to you, I now do not withdraw far from your conversation; it is certain, [for] from there the sound encircles both my ears. Yet you, while having been too much seized by Hyperion the grim mane of Cleonae's star flames, cast

off from you the breast of care and the incessant raging for toil. Parthia closes up the guilty quivers and unbends the bow, and in Alpheus the charioteer of Elea strokes gently the driving steeds [weary] from their labors, while our [own] lyre begins to slacken: opportune rest nourishes and urges on [our] strengths, and manliness is greater after a time of ease! In such a way, Achilles came more stridently, having sung with Briseis, and the plectrums having been put aside, he issued forth against Hector. You also for a short while will quietly excite repeated desires and exult in customary new deeds, undoubtedly the laws of Latium do not now mix in quarrels, and the lazy year holds peace, and harvests having returned, the forum is dismissed, nor now do the disputatious crowds of litigants ask for you in the court vestibule march forth to clients; the mistress restrains the spear of the Hundred Judges, where you now lofty are eminent with the most celebrated fame and the eloquence of [your] youth supersedes years. Happy in responsibilities, for whom [are] not the wreaths with the spirit of Helicon nor the unwarlike laurels from the summit of Parnassus, yet the talent is vigorous and girded in great experience the mind bears whatsoe'er the changes: we are comforted in the leisure of life with song and seek the joyful winds joys of fame. Lo, I myself pursued a dream to genial shore, where stranger Parthenope herself found an Ausonian refuge, I strike the frail strings with lazy thumb, sitting at the margin of the temple of Maro [i.e., Vergil], and take up the soul going to the [burial] mound of the great master: But you, if Atropos will bestow a course of long age, and [such] may she grant, I pray, and thus may the divinities of the Latin prince proceed, whom for you to have honored zeal for the Thunderer is esteemed [even] less, and who subjoins your rods and axes [i.e., public responsibilities] with another duty and entrusts [you] to restore the expanses of the crossways [i.e., roads?] of Latium! - mayhap you will go to curb the armed bands of Ausonia or the peoples of the Rhine or the coasts of black Thule or it be given to serve Istria or the dreaded entrances of the Caspian gate. Indeed there is for you not only the virtue of potent eloquence: there are fitting limbs for wars, and whose shoulders with deliberation undergo the breastplates [of battle]; or if the well-matched feet are going to the camp, the [helmet's] crest will flutter above the columns; or if you prevail on the sounding reins, the wild steed will submit. In old age we are inclined to sing the deeds of others: you handsome in [your] very own arms you treat singing itself as a trifle and will furnish magnificent examples for [youthful] Geta, whom the grandfather of the family now requires worthy warlike acts and [that] he provide [in order] to have triumphs known. Arise, advance, youth; young man surprise the sire, with a happy pedigree from the mother, with ancestral virtue, blessed Glory herself now alluring leads you forth to the lap of Tyre [i.e., the noble purple] and joys to give you as a pledge to all [the offices of] the magisterial chariots." -

These things I have sung for you Marcellus on the beaches of Chalcis, where Vesuvius raises shattering angers, unrolling incendiaries rivaling the flames of Trinacria, marvelous to believe! Will not a man believe in a generation to come, when the crops once more, when these present deserts shall be green, that there are cities and peoples beneath overwhelmed by fate and the ancestral countrysides likewise vanished? Not yet the deadly summit ceases to be imperiled, far may these fates be from your Teate, nor may this madness affect the Marrucinian mountains. Now if by chance you ask to know what may be the beginnings to my muses, the Sidonian labors already having been meted out for the "Thebiad," the sail has furled in the wished for port, the forest of Parnassus and Helicon having yielded continual festive flames and entrails of a virgin heifer pledged, and suspended my [honorary] fillets from a tree. Now with another fillet placed to be bound on bare locks: indeed Troy and great Achilles is attempted by me, but the bow-bearing father [i.e., Apollo] calls to another [theme] and reveals the more distinguished arms of the Ausonian commander. Previously the impetus draws to it [but] fears draws back. Will the shoulders not bear under that mass or the neck be overcome by the great burden? Speak, Marcellus, ought I consider it? Or must the raft, not yet accustomed to lesser floods, be trusted to Ionian hazards?

And now farewell and forbid honor from the heart of the consecrating poet leave you; since neither was the Tirynthian frugal of nurturing friendship; the glory of faithful Theseus will yield to you, and he who dragged the mangled son of Priam around the walls of Troy to comfort the loved one slain.

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# V. A Lyric Ode to Septimius Severus.

Happy in the honors of a little farm, where ancient Alba cherishes the Trojan lares, and I hail steadfast and eloquent Severus with unaccustomed [lyre] strings.

Already savage winter o'erwhelmed by high suns has conceded to the Parrhasian North, now with the north wind disheartened the sea and earth gleam with [mild] Zephyrs.

Now all the tree is covered with the annual foliage of Spring, now I've learned the complaint of birds and untried song which silent winter set in place.

The frugal soil and vigilant hearth with much light have consoled us and the pots have been emptied that seethed only with Bacchus.

Not a thousand wooly flocks bleat, nor does the cow bellow for sweet amour, and if when one is singing to the master the quiet field cries out in protest.

But after the native country, the land with the first cares is loved by me, here the warlike queen of battles adored my songs with gold from Caesar,

when you striving might lift each peril from the breast of a companion, as Castor trembled at all the din of the Bebrycian arena.

Hold, did a grandmother of Leptis beget in remote Syrtes? This time she will bear Indian harvests and snatch rare cinnamon from the scent bearing Sabaeans.

Who that has strolled on every peak of Rome woud not think of sweet Septimius? who would deny [you] to have been fed at Juturna's fount on the rich remnants?

No wonder the power: forthwith you enter the Ausonian port, ignorant of the shallows of Africa, and an adopted son, you as a boy swam in Tuscan eddies.

Here a lad 'midst content, pledged to the Senate, in the glow of the select purple you thrive, but, innately a patrician, pursuing immeasurable labors. Not for you Punic talk, not the manner, not a mind for what's foreign: Italian, Italian. there are natives from the City with Roman horsemen who could befit\* Libya

\* [i.e., befit the ranks of those of Libya]

And it is a voice lively with roaring at forum, yet venal eloquence is not for; and the sword rests in the scabbard, unless friends should command it to be drawn.

But more oft a farm and quiet for the soul, now on Veientine soil at paternal seats, now atop leafy Hernica, now at ancient Cures.

Here will you put down more words and rhythms to permit relaxation, but meanwhile twice remember our lyre hidden below the humble grotto.

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### VI. The Hercules Statuette of Novius Vindex.

Perchance relaxing cares to Phoebus and with a heart lightened, when with day now declining I might use up free time at the open-air Saepta Julia [i.e., a social collecting place in Rome], the dinner of generous Vindex carried me away. This done with, it [i.e., the experience] remained in the inmost recess of the soul undiminished. For we did not consume mockeries for the bellies or banquets sought from a different sun or have aged wine competing with lasting [sacred] festivals. Ah wretched! - that which helps to have known that the bird of Phasis should stand apart from a crane in Rhodope's winter, what goose has greater entrails [for divination], why the Tuscan boar is more noble than that of Umbria, [or] where a more soft mollusk might lie with slippery sea-weed: for us true affection was sought the midst of Helicon and in cheerful conversation, and jokes persuaded [us] to spend a winter's night banishing effeminate sleep from the eyes, as long as Castor viewed afar the other [twin] in the seats of Elysium and Tithonia smiled at yesterday's repasts. Oh goodly night, would that it were joined to a Tirynthian moon [i.e., that the night would be double its length]! And night will have been marked with the Erythraean jewels of Thetis, and long will be held in remembrance [its] perennial genius! Then a thousand splendors and with gold and ivory of old and I learned by heart tablets [i.e., writings] that will speak on a deceptive surface [i.e., of wax.] For who anywhere has vied with the eyes of Vindex, and, in recognizing an artist led by the ancients, did not return to the author written indications [of approval]? Here for you much that was awakened in the clever bronze of Myron, the labor-bearing marbles of Praxiteles which live for heaven, what has been etched on ivory by the Pisaean thumb, what has been commanded to breathe in the foundries Polyclitus, a line which long bespeaks veteran Apples will be discovered: since this, as often as he casts aside the lyre, is leisure for him, this calls love from the Aonian caverns.

Here amidst the tutelage of a chaste table the spirit, the son of Amphitryon [i.e., Hercules] seized my heart with great love, nor long by the light did it sate to view: such great honor and majesty having been contained in the work through artful ends! He a god, a god! He allowed himself to be viewed, Lysippus, for you a little [thing} [yet] momentous to be sensed and seen. And when with wonders within he might stand the measure of a [mere] foot, yet it will be pleasing to exclaim, if you will consider the appearance by way of [its] limbs: "He the ravager of Nemea having been pressed to the breast, these arms bore deadly strength and crushed the oars of Argo." Ah! Such great illusions of form in a small space! Which manner with a right hand, how much experience with skilled tasks to be learned, equally to devise an adornment for the

table and [yet], in the mind, turned into a vast colossus! Not any such Telchines in the caves of Ida, nor dull Brontes, nor the Lemnian [i.e. Vulcan], he who polishes the arms of the gods, would have been able to trick out from [so] small [a] mass. Not a fierce image alien and remiss to feasts, but a kind admired at the home of frugal Morchius or [that] the Tegean priestess saw in the groves of Alea; of a sort, having been hurled into the stars from Oeta's embers, that happy he drank the nectar, yet still with harsh Juno [not distant]: thus the mild countenance, as if joying from the heart, he cheers the tables. Here he holds the exhausted cup of a brother, but there he remembered a hand for the knotty cudgel; the elegant stone with Nemean cloak sustains stern dwellings.

For a sacred work [it is] a worthy fate. The august Pellaean king [i.e., Alexander the Great] had [this] divinity [i.e., Hercules] at the happy tables and carried him a comrade west and east, and had furnished freely the manner by which the right hand bore away and bestowed crowns, and overthrew great cities. Ever he had sought from him the spirits for tomorrow's wars. To him the conqueror ever related the rich battle lines, whether from Bromius [i.e., Bacchus] he hauled off shackled Indians or with great spear had broken open inaccessible Babylon or had crushed in war the lands of Pelops and Pelasgian liberty: and from the great stream of praises he was spoken of to have only justified [i.e., felt he needed to justify or excuse] the Theban triumphs. Even he, driven by the mighty destroying Fates, when he would have drawn the lethal wine, now in the dark cloud of heavy death and with the flesh perspiring, feared other faces in the deity at the climax of last banquets.

Next the uncanny distinction was possessed by the Nasamonian king [i.e., Hannibal]; proud Hannibal, ever deceitful with the successful sword, poured libations to the puissant god. Soaked with Italian blood and carrying dreaded fire to the houses of the nation of Romulus, [the god] had hated [him.] And when he would have dedicated feasts and gifts of Bacchus, the affable god grieving to go with those wicked camps, and especially when he [i.e., Hannibal] mingled sanctuaries with impious fire and violated undeserving homes and temples of Saguntum, and let in furies on the honest people.

After the death of the Sidonian leader with the bronze [statue] not a home from the excellent people was captured. It always adorned the dinner gatherings of Sulla; accustomed [as it was] to enter illustrious abodes and the happy seat of masters with [honorable] lineage.

Now as well, if the customs, human hearts and concerns have been known to the gods; not indeed a palace, O Tirynthian, not kingly honors surrounds you, but the mind of a master chaste and unaware of guilt, for whom ancient trust having commenced the bond of friendship [is] everlasting. Vestinus still yet knows [it], flowering under the age equal with the great forefathers, whom he breathes night and day and lives in the embraces of [their] beloved shadow. Here then for you is a happy rest, bravest of the gods, Alicides, you see not ferocious wars and battles, but a lyre, headband ribbons, and music loving laurels. Here for you will be remembered in solemn song how much you terrified Getic and Ilian and snowy Stymphalus and Erymanthus with [its] well watered ridges; that the possessor of the Iberian flock, that the Mareotic overseer of the savage altar suffered you; the threshold of death having been broken through and despoiled, he will sing for you, and of the maids of Libya and Scythia weeping. Never could a Macedonian lord, nor a barbarian Hannibal, or the horrid voice of savage Sulla celebrate you in these ways. Surely you, Lysippus, the originator of the gift, would prefer to be approved of by no other eyes.

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VII. Lyric Ode to Vibius Maximus.

Already long sated with the wide camp, brave Erato, postpone heroic labors and enter upon momentous work in lesser arenas;

And you, Pindar, lord of the lyric cohort, give to me a little of the rights of the plectrum, if I have made sacred with Latin song

your Thebes:

For Maximus I attempt to refine music; now will the garland be taken from uncut myrtle, now a greater thirst and a more chaste stream must be sipped.

When will they return you to sweet Latium from the Dalmatian mountains, where Dis having been seen, the pale digger comes back the same color as mined gold?

Behold me sprung from nearer lands yet these do not restrict me to the pleasant port of indolent Baiae or the trumpeter known to the arms of Hector.

Our Muse is torpid without you, the guide of Thymbra [i.e., Apollo] himself comes more late than [his] wont, and lo at the first turns [i.e., in the course] my Achilles hesitates.

Of course with you as our trusty advisor much of the "Thebaid," excoriated with revison, attempts with audacious string the joys of Mantuan renown.

But we grant mercy slowly, since you have laid at empty hearths the nurtured offspring. oh happy day! Behold another Maximus comes to us!

Childlessness must be fled with every effort, which the unfriendly heir presses with pledges, demanding the honest friend - alas it shames! a funeral soon.

Childlessness has not been buried with tears: longing for a home it stands captive surviving and the spoils of death threatening deems itself the [funeral] fire.

May the noble infant long endure, and [his] path, not distracted by many things, thrive in the customs of the homeland and call forth the deeds of the grandsires!

With but little you will recall your swords, which to Eastern Orontes you carried, with the banner of the bridled squadron guided by Castor's right hand;

that he followed the swift lightning of unvanquished Caesar and gave harsh law to the fleeing Sarmatians, under one heaven to live. Yet may the lad learn first your character, to each who review the melancholy of the world you restore the brief words of Sallust and the ward of Timavus.



VIII. Congratulations to Julius Menecraten.

Swing open the gates of the heavens, Parthenope, and fill the consecrated temples with the billowing clouds of Sheba['s incense] and with entrails of [sacrificial] animal [offerings]; behold the of famed Menecrates increases now with a third shoot. For you the noble crowd of princes thrives and is consoled for the losses from raging Vesuvius. Do not permit that the privileged information only go round the festive sanctuaries of Naples: strike and let the beloved harbor of the comrade, the land of gentle Dicarcheo - and as well Surrentum dear to the dripping go - enwreathe the altar with garlands. Where the shore of the maternal ancestor surrounds the throng of descendants and whom contend in returning like countenances. Let the pre-eminent uncle with the Libyan spear be glad, and those also born to him whom Polla holds and lifts to a loving bosom. Well done, oh youth, you, who meriting so much, give lights to our country, lo the home of the masters shakes with the sweet tumult of so great shouting. Let black Envy withdraw afar and with livid feelings turn elsewhere: To these fair Atropos pledged old age and the glory of lasting virtue, and ancestral Apollo laurels. Therefore it was an omen that the most august father of the Ausonian city has given you the welcome right of threefold offspring. So often Lucina has come and entered again the pious dwelling. Thus, I pray, may the home stand with fertile abundance and never be altered in its sacred gifts. Bravo, that also your progeny more frequently have grown in virile strength, yet the maiden too must be happy for the young man [i.e., their father] they obey! - virtue is more suitable for these, it will grant to her descendants more quickly-, of the sort Helen [at Sparta] was already worthy [along] with the mothers at the wrestling schools, she strolled amidst the games of Amyclaean brothers; or as like the face of heaven, when on a serene night two radiant stars have drawn near with the moon in between.

Yet I by no means protest without difficulty, rarest of youths, and I even get angry complaining, inasmuch as those who love are angered. Was it so fitting for me to know the joyous news from what is shared by all? And when you third infant wailed, a letter did not issue forthwith announcing the momentous event, that it might have been directed to heap up festive fires for the altars, entwine the lyre, decorate doorposts, bring out the jar worn out with Alban fumes and signalize the day with song, but late and helpless only now do I sing my vows? This is your fault and shame, but is indeed not permitted to prolong further complaining; behold the throng with jollity and that defends the father. Whom may you not conquer with this group?

Gods of our Fatherland, whom with great auguries upon the seas, the Abantian [i.e., Euboean] fleet conveyed to the Ausonian shore, and you Apollo, leader of a people long migrating, whose bird, still yet on the smooth left shoulder sitting, happy Eumelis gazing on adores, and you, Attic Ceres, to whom, ever on the panting course, ever flourish in silence the votive lamp of mystery, and you, Tyndarids, whom not dread Lycurgus and shadowy Therapnae have worshipped more: watch over these dwellings of the homeland [along] with its common folk. May there be those who, with a voice for the age, please the city weary with crowds, labors and riches and preserve the youthful name, may the original ancestor reveal to these the peaceful customs, and the bountiful splendor and zeal for both beauty and virtue. By all means wealth and family, with the first light, permit her to enter patrician doors, with the public itself under these, if only the divine will of invincible Caesar, prone to the good, should be near to strike the threshold of the Senate of Romulus.

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IX. Facetious Verses for Plotius Grypus.

This is indeed a joke, Grypus, that you sent me a little book - for a little book.

Yet this can be seen as polite, if after this you would return anything to me; for if, Grypus, you had persisted in playing, you don't play. Look, we reckon it be so permitted! Our purple and new paper has been adorned with twin scroll knobs, besides it falls to me to have been so struck: [for] you [then] to allow [yours] gnawed and [made] rotten by moths, or like those sodden with Libyan olives or preserved with incense or pepper from the Nile or they dress Byzantine lizards, not even containing your sayings, which, a youth, you thundered in the Triple Courts, or near the Hundred Judges, before Germanicus gave you as overseer of all things following the year [i.e., harvests?] and put you at large in charge of the stations of the roads, but instead] you give the gapings of old Brutus from scroll case of a wretched notary bought for more than a debased coin of Gaius, did the felt caps continuously fail having not submitted to being stitched from strips of cloaks or sallow cloth or paper napkins, Theban or Carian figs? No opportunity for bunches of plums and figs to have been kept from decay in the spirals? not desiccated cacti or abandoned tunics of onions? Not so much as eggs, nor fine wheat, or coarse grain? Nowhere the wet wandering home of curved snails from the Cinyphian plains? Not heavy lard or fragile ham? No weighed down lucanican or faliscian sausages? No easily digested salt, or cheese, or bread of green soda? or raisin wine with its phythian grape re-cooked, sweet boiled grape juice, or with muddy dregs? How much [was it of you] not to give [me] smelling wax, a small knife or slim writing tablet? I ask, was it not permissible to give grape jars dishes turned in the round from Cumae, or one set - why do you shrink? - of white goblets and pots? but fixed as equal in the scales, you change nothing, but repay me with the same thing. What if, when on a good raw morning I will have spoke a greeting borne to you, and you [then] in turn salute me at home? Or when you should have assisted me with a plenteous feast, you expect the like and dine yourself? I am irritated for you, Grypus, but you will be well; only do not, wherever suns charm, now send me back hendecasyllabics.

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#### **BOOK V**

### I. A Funeral Song for Priscilla.

If it was for me to easily shape by hand wax likenesses or to animate ivory or gold with impressed figures, by this means I would have taken up, Priscilla, a consolation for your husband. For [his] excellence in piety merits a face stamped with color by Apelleus, or to return [you to him] with feeling born from the hand of Phidias. Thus it is attempted to bring away the shadow of a king and manage the prodigious cares and contest with Death, while it fatigues the artist, and in each metal he seeks to love you. But mortal [is] the honor, which the agile right hand loves. We for you. Most rare spouse of a celebrated youth, with a just lyre we endeavor to furnish an end not long dim that will bespeak the eternal, Apollo favorable only comes to me by whoever is always joined to Apollo and [whom] Caesar approves: [there is] no other better way to shut the sepulcher from view.

Late indeed is devised a remedy for so great a grief, when with the constellations the wheel of Phoebus turns another year; yet when there are besides fresh strokes on the first black wound of the house, what approach then [was there] to the unhappy ear of the bereaving husband? Then it was a consolation to weep, to rend vestments, to weary companies of servants, to overcome the utterance of anguish, and to batter the unjust heavens with mad lamentations. Though from the woods and streams Orpheus himself attended and been near that the groans be comforted, and might equally touch each maternal oracle, and all the priests of Apollo and Bacchus: no song, no strings for the gods of pale Avernus and the Eumenides [i.e., the Furies] had been heard to appease or bid adieu [even] to the locks of hair: such great grief reigned in the stupefied breast! Even yet does the flattened scar still flee to wailing, while we sing, and a downpour from the wife's husband press hard on the weighted eyes. But even now do the devoted eyes have these tears? Wondrous faith! More quickly the Sipylean matron carries away the exhausted cheeks, more quickly the dews of sorrow fail Tithonia, or the mother of Achilles sated and will grow weak crashing storms [i.e., with her ocean waves] against the tombs. Well done hearts! The god notes these things who turns the reins of the world and nearer to Jove directs human actions, and beholds mourning; and mysterious attendants of the bridal couch! From such he yet again comprehends the examples, since you hold dear the shade and cherish the obsequies. Here is the purest ardor, here is merited love from a lord to be commended by the censor.

No wonder, if Harmony united you mingled together and gathered you to the heart in one long unbroken chain. She indeed was married before and was permitted pine [i.e., marriage] torches to another husband, but it was, as if [still] in [her] maidenhood, you were joined to all inmost being and with an embracing soul she cherished you; just as an elm tree loves a vine socializing with contemporaneous shoot, and the grove mixing with the deity prays for autumn and joys to be wreathed in the loved clusters of fruit. Some are extolled for [their] distant ancestors or for the gift of beautiful form, but are without the benefits of customs, and deceptively powerful of praise [i.e., are powerful as a result of being praised], they lack truth: although for you family, a happy appearance and much that husbands will wish for also would shine, from you is the greater honor, to have known one bed, to stir one fire under hidden sinews. No plunderer of Phrygia vitiated that love, no Dulichian suitors, nor an adulterer who had traduced a brother's stainless marriage with Mycenaean gold. If you would give Babylonian wealth, tons of Lydian treasures and the mighty riches of India, China and Arabia, she would have preferred to die undefiled in humble poverty and exchanged life for good repute.

Not the too great stiffening sad brow in dread behaviors, but an unaffected and cheerful faith mingled with gracious modesty, since if perilous fear had summoned her to greater customs, for the husband she gladly would have rescued him from armor bearing troops or the dangers of lightening fires on the midst of the sea. Well it was that such was not recommended by an adversary, since for you with concern for the [marriage] bond, how great the pale worry for the spouse! But better [it was that] your vows to the husband merited the way of favoring divinities, while night and day you weary the gods, while you will have knelt a suppliant at all the altars and adore the bright guardian of the present lord. You had been heard, and Fortune came on a benign footing. Of course the upright youth saw [your] industrious calm and faith intact and girded with a breast of care, you would be awake to feeling and worthy to pursue such great changes with a sober heart, HE saw, he who knows all his own and will go widely round inspecting each of [his] ministers. This is not strange: he sees the approach of the dawn, what the south and stormy north wind do, is borne by

the toga, and [his] counsel sanctions judgment itself. He conquering imposed an immense mass and a weight scarcely tractable on shoulders - for there are not other sacred responsibilities more numerous for the master -, to send wide into the great sphere of Romulus the commands of the leader and to manage by hand the powers and bounds of empire; what from the north, what the roving Euphrates, what banks of twice-named Ister, what the banners of the Rhine might carry off, how greatly far the limits of the world will be passed in receding from the loud flood of Thule - for all the happy leaves [i.e., news] raised up on all the pikes, and no lance marked with infamous feathers [i.e., bad news] - in addition, if the trust deserving master should separate [i.e., sort] the swords, with whom who to expand a century [i.e., a Roman army unit], with whom he might prevail to breakdown [a century in size], a cavalryman sent among maniples who had anticipated a cohort, who would be more excellently fitted in the order of an illustrious tribune, for whom to give the signal to a wing of bridled horses is more worthy; to have known before hand even a thousand changes, whether the Nile will immerse the fields, or Libya will perspire with the rainbearing south wind; and if I would count all, nor more does winged Tegean with interpreting wand announce from the high stars, and what the maid of Juno drops through the liquid ether and binds the rain with a colored arc of mist [i.e., a rainbow], and what laurels of yours, Germanicus, Fame, on a winged course, carries; having gone ahead a day late day under the Arcadian stars, and leaves the daughter of Thaumas [i.e., Iris] in mid-heaven.

How excellent gods and men beheld you on a kind day, Priscilla, when first your husband was promoted for remarkable exploits! You nearly surpassed himself, while, with breast prone outpouring, you rolled up with such great eagerness before the sacred feet of the well-deserving lord. She joys not [even] thus on the Aonian height whom the father of Delos placed in command of the mystic cave, or [she] to whom venerable Bacchus assigned the law of the first wand and the ensigns of the stupefied [Bacchic] throng. Yet from here neither was quiet changed nor did honesty swell [i.e., in pride] with the favorable changes: Habits remain the same to a modest mind with increased fortune. She maintains the anxious zeal of the husband and at the same time urges he restrain labors. She hands over moderate dishes and sober cups, and to the master teaches an example; just as the Apulian mate of a frugal farmer or one tanned by the Sabine sun, who at the prospect of the stars sees now the time of the man worn from service to have arrived, hurrying she arranges the tables and cushions having awaited the sound of the returning plow. I speak little. With you she was a comrade in the icy Sarmatian north, the storms of Ister and pallid frost of the Rhine, was also with you hardened in courage through every summer, if the camps allowed, she would have wished to wear quivers, have wished to parry with a wide Amazonian shield; provided that she might see you in a dust cloud of wars near the lightening steed of Caesar, brandishing a divine lance, and bestrewn with the sweat of the great spear.

Thus far a favorable lyre. Now [however] is the time, Phoebus, to set aside your [laurel] leaves and to bind the foliage with [those of] the sad cypress. For what deity tied Envy and Fortune in implacable kinship? Who commanded hostile goddesses to be fighting eternally? Will [the one] not mark some home, which pitiless she would not fastened instantly with light, but that [the other] drives out joys with a savage right hand? The unpeturbed and mirth-filled gods of the household flourished: there was no sorrow. For how, although faithless and fickle, could Fortune be so frightened with Caesar favorable? Livid Fate finding a way, a cruel power invaded the pious dwelling. Thus are vineyards suffused wafted with the malignant south wind, thus the wheat field ages with excessive rain, thus the hostile wind envies the swift ship and beclouds successful sails. Priscilla of exceptional loveliness is seized by Fate; just as the glory of the forests is the foliage of the tall pine, whether dissolved from the root or falls by the punishing fire of Jove, despoiled it murmurs no more to the breeze. What are probity, a chaste faith, or divine worship that they benefit the supreme being? On every side black blows surround the unhappy circle of death, the unfeeling strings of the Sisters are drawn tight and left over is the farthest part of the expired thread. No concourse of servants, no extensive healing arts remedied the evil; companions on every side with feigning visage notwithstanding pretended hope, she observes the husband weeping. He asks anyone only for the pure streams of Lethe from below, now anxious he weeps at every altar, seals the gates and rubs the thresholds with [his prostrate] breast; now with great entreaty he invokes the divinity of Caesar, alas the unfeeling course of fate! Is there not something which he [i.e., Caesar] may not permit? How many obstacles of mortal years would have been able to approach, had you, father, held the sway of all judgment? Death locked out in the blind abyss would have groaned and the Fates have placed aside the destitute threads of life.

And now sink the faces with her eyes at the very last wandering and ears deafened, but that the voice of the husband alone is distinguished; him only the mind returned sees in the midst of death, him the ailing one envelopes bravely with forearms having turned [to him] the stiffened cheeks, not with the remaining light, but she prefers to be sated solely with the sweet spouse. Then thus the dying solaces the one united with her in love: "Part of my living soul, oh would that I could leave to whom the years which cruel Atropos snatches from me: show no more tears I pray, strike not the breast with savage lamentation, torment not the consort's flying shade. I do indeed leave the marriage bed, yet I save in death's succession what came before: I have for the better had done with long old age; I saw you some time ago shining in every flower, I saw you draw nearer and nearer into high favor. There is not now for you judgment by the fates or any celestial power: I bear these away with me. I begin freeing you on the path, exert yourself for the sacred and love without rest the spacious genius and power [i.e., of the emperor.] Now because you yourself desire to be enjoined, grant gold everlasting to the Capitoline seats, that the countenance of holy Caesar may gleam [in a statue of] a hundred weight and inscribe the love of a close devotee. Thus will I not see the Furies nor low Tartarus and be admitted to the ends of blest Elysiums." These things said the companion, gliding away, clasped the clinging arms, without sadness transferred the soul to the lips of the husband and pressed [closed] her eyes with [his] loved right hand.

Yet the youth with great heart, inflamed with grief, now fills with frenzied cry the widowed home, now he desires to lay up the sword, now reaches to steep heights - comrades scarcely restrain [him] -, now he lay bound to the mouth of the departed and urges [himself] wildly with a heart overwhelmed by grief, just as the torpid wife was sighted, the Odrysian poet [Orpheus], setting the plectrum aside on the Strymonian [bank] was struck dumb and without song wept at the sad pyre. Even he erect broke down at this time of life, lest you should pass on into Tartarean chaos unaccompanied, but the confident mind of the leader marveling by sacred commands and a greater love forbade it. Who could survey obsequies and funereal gifts of unfortunate ostentation with worthy song? From all there pressed together in long procession flows an Arabian and Cilician spring, and Sabaean flowers, grains of India snatched before their time, and frankincense from the temples of Palestine ablazing, at the same time Hebraic perfumes, Corcyran leaves and Cinyrean buds; she herself lies at a late hour recumbent on high cushions shaded with Tyrian covering. But the husband alone is seen by all of the throng; to him are turned the eyes of great Rome, just as if the youth was bearing [his] last sons to the tomb: anguish in his expression, hair and cheeks holding only night. Her they call happy and set free with a tranquil end, [and] the tears [rather] are shed for the husband.

There is a place, where lying before the premiere city the great Appian is born and where Cybele places aside groans in Italian Almo and recalls not any longer Ida's streams. Here you are veiled gently veiled by the peerless husband with Sidonian purple - for he was not able to suffer fuming ashes and the roar of the funeral pyre - and arranged for Priscilla a happy bed. Labors of time will be able neither to seize longer lifetimes or stain dried limbs: the venerable marble breathes such great riches, having soon been transformed into various remarkable likenesses: here is Ceres in bronze, here the bright one of Gnossos, there Maia with a dome, here Venus acceptably in stone. They receive a face not unworthy of glorious divinity: the servants and customary throng gather round the obsequies, then are duly prepared the couches and busy tables. That home, a home! Who would call it a mournful tomb? This devotion of the deserved husband seen you would at once exclaim: "There he is, I recognize his minister, who lately built the sanctuary of the eternal nation and placed his [kindred] stars into another heaven." Thus, when a great ship has set sail from the Pharian shore on a new passage and now, with innumerable ropes on each side and bearing broad sails, has extended the arms of the mast and entered the [sea] lanes, a small lowly craft proceeds on the same smooth sea and claims for itself a part of the vast South wind.

Why, most eligible of youth, do you nurture these immoderate tears in the heart and forbid long grief to depart? Surely you don't fear that Priscilla might tremble at the barking of Cerberus? For the blessed dead he is silent! May not the sailor [i.e., Charon] in the shallows push away and arrive more late [to his destination]? Promptly he places and conveys well-deserving shades peaceably on a hospitable skiff. In addition, if when the shade comes with the praise from a pious husband, Proserpine directs happy torches to come forth and heroines of old and come out from the sacred grottos to relieve the sad darkness with the purple light of evening and for the spirit prepare in advance the flowers of Elysium. Thus Priscilla goes under to the departed; there a winning suppliant she beseeches the Fates for you, she placates for you the

melancholy rulers of Avernus, that you fulfill the ends of human life and yourself aged you leave behind a young lord pacifying the lands! The Sisters take oath to certain vows.

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II. Encomiums of Crispinus, son of Vettius Bolanus.

My Crispinus seeks the Etruscan countryside and the glades of Tages [i.e., an Etrurian divinity]; the delay is not long nor the land remote, but my heart is torn by a secret sting, and the wet eyes impel swelling drops, just as I attend the sails of a departing friend upon the stormy Aegean, and already weary watching the ship from the high cliffs, yet will I complain of eyes overcome by the distant sky.

Why? If you lad, were now known as a first-time soldier, and called to the loud training and glad beginnings of the camps, how greatly would pour joys with a tear or what [joys] I might bestow embracing! Must even those close to us wish sorrow? And now life has encompassed you in twice eight circles, but in the narrow years a more robust soul, that does not succumb to a burden, nor does [youthful] age take captive its mind. No wonder: not for you was bespoken a chain of obscure parents without honor, or from plebian stock wanting ancient ancestors of fame: not born from equestrian blood or white mantle of recent distinction or did you a foreigner with a poor tunic strike out for an august and inmost seat with the senate of Latium, but rather your own surpassing [family] line. Of the sort when through the stretches of the Roman circus beauty is to be seen, and a noble steed of ancestral repute is awaited, from whose long happy family line has winning parents in breeding, all applauding bring him to a head, they joy recognizing him flying from the dust itself towards the curved turning point: so you, bright boy, the senate perceived as born for itself, and enclosed the patrician moon [i.e., a badge of senatorial rank] with [your] first footsteps. Soon from habit the Tyrian folds and the powerful tunic of [your] shoulder were acknowledged. Yet indeed the father had prepared for you great examples for those honors, he setting out a youth as a mater of course forthwith attacked warlike quiver-bearing Araxes and rebellious Armenia to serve fierce Nero. Corbulo acted in a high position of stern Mars, but he too marveled at the exceptional arms of Bolanus, a comrade and associate in the labors of war; and to him the most severe of responsibilities he was wont to trust and [with him] the dread was to be divided, what time [he was] an ally in ambushes, what times good for open battle, whether the reliable faith or else retreat of defiant Armenia was gazed upon. Bolanus had known before the path to be feared, it was for Bolanus to seek the mountain advantage for safe encampments, Bolanus to measure the fields, to uncover malignant obstacles of the scorching forests, to satisfy the awe inspiring leader's great mind and alone be adequate for the momentous commands. The barbarian land itself came now to know the man, his the second highest honor in battles and nearest active service, thus the astonished Phrygians, although they might see Neamean arms and the bow of Cleonae might drive the battle lines, yet [even] with Alcides fighting they feared Telamon [i.e., father of Ajax] as well. Learn, boy, since it is not for you to seek from a foreign counselor a beautiful love of virtue: praise should minister to kindred minds. Others are taught by Decius or the return of Camillus - learn you [from] a father, how great he entered Thule, with Hyperion weary and western waves refusing, until in an allotted year, carrying great commands, he ruled a thousand cities of mighty Asia, tempering supreme power with the [just] toga. Drink in such matters with ears prone, let these lessons vie in uniting relatives to you, let seniors and a father's comrades repeat them.

And now you undertake to go on another path and prepare [for it] at no lazy pace; not yet do the signs of virile youth steal into your cheeks, and thus far untouched is the course of [your] life. Nor is the father near; for a draught from evil fates killed [him] leaving two offspring without a guardian. He had not so much as removed the boyhood purple from tender arms or introduce the white mantle to the shoulders. Whom did not new and unrestrained manliness corrupt the freedom of the toga! Just as the wood, ignorant of the pruning knife, raises foliage and fruit and expires in the shades. But it is for you with Pierian zeal, and with a tender heart beneath, and the modesty of learning, to impart law and traditions; then a cheerful probity, and a tranquil brow keeping the splendors of luxury confined, being managed by all rules and sense of duty; the fortune of the home reminded [you] to yield to a brother of similar age, revere the father, and pardon an unhappy mother [i.e., who had reportedly tried to poison Crispinus; apparently to favor of his brother.] Was this wicked cup and deadly juice placed together to prevail over you, you who with a voice can prevent the bite of serpents and with a face to appease all step-mothers? It pleases ghosts to infest and

take away peace from funeral pyres that merit prayer; but in you, upright fellow, I discern a look persuasive and furnishing such fine utterances: "Spare, I pray, the ashes: that destiny was the noxious wrath of the Fates and the crime of a god, Who sees mortal feeling too late, nor pauses at the threshold when attempting crime and furnishing minds with the unspeakable. Let those days perish with time and let not the coming age believe such was possible! Certainly it is for us to be silent and many things buried in night and let us suffer the reproaches of own clan to be covered o'er. He expels punishments who for the care of his people repays Devotion with due authority, revisits homelands, and whom all sin fears. These things and to be weeping is to us revenge enough. Would that it might be permitted in fact to persuade the savage Eumenides and turn away Cerberus from the timid shade and more quickly to give by your hands the forgetful stream [i.e., of Lethe.]"

Well done with spirit, youth! Yet the crimes of the mother increase. Not only pious, but without pause were you laying claim to high courage. Not long ago when it chanced a companion paled at a falsely imputed crime of unmerited report, and with many a Julian judge the court of justice was gathered around, rose up and brandished chaste lightning: you, although not [yourself] suffering before the court of justice and severe laws, yet hidden in the silent umbrage of devotions [i.e., of a friendship], and as yet an unarmed recruit and obliging a friend, you sustained the assault, defending against fright and enemy spears. Never did Romulus and the Dardanian [i.e., Aeneas] of old behold such [youthful] years in a toga to war in the midst of the carnage of the forum, so greatly were the city fathers astounded by your attempts and exertions, not any less did the guilty fear you. Equal vigor in the limbs that are and qualified for brave action, they follow a great soul commanding. I myself recently saw you on the shore of the Tiber, where the Tyrrhenian wave foams with the shallows of Laurentum, pressing the course, with a bare heel goading a bold steed, and with a threatening countenance and right hand: - if what is spoken be trusted, I was stupefied and thought [you] a soldier armed-: thus handsome Ascanius on Gaetulian mount and shaking a Trojan lance, went a hunter into the step-mother's fields and with the father [i.e., Aeneas] made [the mistress of] unhappy Elissa burn [with passion]; not otherwise did Troilus with nimble wheeling adroitly evaded the menacing horsemen, or he whom, at the high turrets of Arcady, going round the turning points in the Theban dust, the Tyrian mothers viewed with not disapproving eye.

Therefore come - the sure indulgence of the leader strikes on and a brother furnishes a path of cheerful promise - arise now with great soul and take up the manly concerns of the camp. Mars and the Attic virgin will instruct the battle lines, Castor the cavalry to flank, Quirinus to rattle the arms on the shoulders, who trusted you, with so young a neck, to make ring cloud-born shields and arms untried in slaughters.

To what lands of Caesar's therefore will you go into the world? Will you not swim northern streams and [ice] broken Rhenish rivers or will you perspire in the heat laden lowlands of Libya? Or will you shake the summits of Pannonia or the shifting homes of the Sarmatians? Or will the seven headed Ister [i.e., the Danube] hold you and in the flowing shade with [the isle] of Peuce's paramour? Or will you be situated in the ashes of Solyma and the captive palm-groves of Idume, not esteeming the happy woods for herself? Since if the land held in check by the great parent should receive you, how much the untamed Araxes will rejoice! How much will the fields of Caledonia exalt glory! Where the ancient inhabitant of the wild land will recall to you: "Here the parent was accustomed to bestow laws, here on the grassy sod to address troops of cavalry; widely stretched apart watch towers and fortresses - do you see? - he furnished and encircled these walls with a ditch; these gifts, these weapons he dedicated to divinities of war, - you [can] still examine the trophies -; he dressed himself here from those summoned to arms, [it was] here he seized the armor of the British king." Just as Phoenix related to Pyrrhus, preparing victorious wars against the Trojans, [about] unknown Achilles.

Happy Optatus, you, who trusting in green youth, will harden no matter the roads and valley, perhaps also so may the divinity of the prince be near - you, and unwearied comrades united to friend, be girded at the side [with swords], with which Pylades from pious custom and the son of Menoetius [i.e., Patrolucus] wielded in Dardanian wars. Of course these harmonies are with you, this love is yours and I pray it may endures! Now the years of life more vigorously fly us; and for me I will aid [your] heart with vows and prayers! Yet if by chance I will disturb with customary murmuring and the fathers of Romulous come to [hear] my songs, [if] you are in need of me, Crispinus, and through all obstacles, I would dispatch my Achilles and he will look about for you. Yet you will better arrive - the omens of the poets hurry not in vain

-, whoever now reveals to you the eagles [i.e., battle standards] and the camps, the same will give all [necessary] steps to sustain and to be surrounded with the proud rods and axes, by which the consuls of the fatherland have been seated.

But who from the exalted hills of Trojan Alba, from whence he the present god gazes close by on the walls of His Rome, is that herald who more quickly than Rumor enters and fills your dwellings, Crispinus? Certainly I have said: the auguries of the poets hurry not in vain. Lo! The magnificent threshold of honors and duties of Asonia to be borne Caesar has opened up and entrusts to you. Proceed, young man, stand up blessed carry forward such great talents [as are yours], and swear to and keep watch for sacred Germanicus to whom is handed over the first sword! Not less mighty this than if the God of War himself should extend the eagles and with grim countenance bring in the helmet. Go readily and learn the higher [honors] to be merited!

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## III. To the Memory of His Father.

Give to me yourself, learned father, dark powers from the Elysian fount and doleful music to be struck on an unhappy lyre. For the Delian caverns are not to be moved, nor is it the right custom to urge Cirrha without you. Whatever method Phoebus showed forth in the Corcyran shade, whatever Euhan from the Ismarian hills, I have [since] forgotten. The Parnassian fleece have shunned my tresses, and I am nervously frightened at the sad yew creeping midst the ivy - oh evil! - to wither the laurel. Doubtless I, who raised the deeds of magnanimous kings went inspired to equal lofty Mars with [my] chanting. Who then wretched, with my feeble spirit permitting, stretched frigid clouds into drowning Apollonian courage? The goddesses stand thunder-struck about the poet and neither fingers or voice are sweetly sounding. The guide herself the head propped up by the silent cithara, like the time after with Orpheus snatched away, she stood with you, oh Hebrus, discerning now, with song taken away, the deaf herds of animals and the sacred groves unmoved.

Yet you whether released from the limbs aiming at a flashing high place or surveying flashing strokes and the elements of things, [such as] who [is] a god, from whence [come] fires, what path leads the sun, what diminishes Phoebe [i.e., the moon] and what cause might restore [her] from lying hidden [to view], you resume the measures of esteemed Aratus; or whether you dwell in the mystic grassy plain of Lethe, near councils of heroes and blest shades, with the Maeonian and Ascraean elders, no sluggish shadow, and you sound and mingle songs in turn: give natural voice, father, to great suffering. For thrice on the rim of heaven reviewing and thrice retracing [her orbit], Luna sees me sluggish with nothing from Helicon consoling [my] sad cares; as your fire reddened my looks and with wet eyes I drew up the ashes, the honor of [my] pursuits is worthless. In these tributes I scarcely set free [my] first feelings, and from silent cares to avert stagnation, even now with my hand slipping, not with a dry eye do I begin at the tomb you haunt, in which mound you quietly rest preserving [the memory of] our acres, where after the death of Aeneas, starry Ascanius poured upon Alba from the Latian hills, while he hated the fields made rich from Phrygian blood, a kingdom forming part of a the dowry of an ill-fated step-dame. Here I am - for the breath of the Sicanian crocus is not more fragrant, nor the rare cinnamon the rich Sabaeans reap for you, nor perfumed buds by Arabs - concluding for you the sacred offerings for the departed, I lament with Pierian song; oh receive the groans and wounds of a son, and tears which few parents ever have. Would that fortune gave to me hands for altars and a work equal to the temples, to raise up a towering mass, beyond the boulders of the Cyclops and the audacious stones of the Pyramids, to adorn the tomb with a large sacred grove! There surpassing the gifts of Sicilian sepulcher, the Nemean grove, and solemn ceremonies of maimed Peliops. There the naked strength of Greek males [i.e. athletes] would not split the air with the Oebalian disk, nor the sweat of horses wet the fields or the hoof give sound in the crumbling ditch; but rather a simple chorus of Phoebus, and with praising, father, I would duly bind you with the prize leaves of poets. The eyes dripping, and a priest groaning to the soul of shades, I would myself predict, to which not Cerberus with each mouth, nor the motions of Orpheus would be able to disturb you. And there your manners and deeds singing, and by chance maybe have me esteemed not less than vaunting Homer, and drawn equal to stern Maro in devotion.

Why should it be permitted that a mother, seated upon the warm [funeral] pile of the son, reproach the gods and the bronze threads of the Sisters more, or that as she beholds the fire of a youthful spouse, she overcomes the hands of a crowds opposing and holding her; about to die alongside the burning husband? Perhaps I should also strike the gods and envious Tartarus: even one wretched from afar might go to view a funeral. But not only does Nature give herself to grieving in rightful Piety; for me, father you, taken from life, go youthful and at the first threshold of the fates to harsh Tartarus. For neither did the Marathonian maid weep less sparingly at Icarius' destruction by the crime of savage countrymen, than did the mother Astyanax falling from the Phrygian citadel. So that she [i.e., Erigone, daughter of Icarius] at the final halter [i.e., for suicide] stifled [her] groans: yet it was a shame for, you after the funeral of great Hector, to have served a Haemonian husband. Not I, what melodious underworld offerings of fixed utterance the swan sends forth at death, nor will I invite to the ancestral pyres what the winged [maids] of Tyrrhenia from the black cliff very sweetly menaced the mariner with, nor what Philomela moans and complains with tongueless murmur to the cruel sister: all too familiar to the poet. Who has not at a burial bespoke all the tearful branches and buds of the daughters of Helios, and the boulders of Phrygia, and dared music contrary to Phoebus, with trustworthy Pallas [herself as well] not having joyed at a flute [i.e., on such an occasion?] Piety, forgotten of men, recalls you to heaven and Justice with a tongue of redoubled Eloquence bewails you, and Pallas and the Heliconian court of learned Phoebus; for whom it is labor to lead Aonian songs in six foot [meter] and those for whom, by measuring a poem with care to the tortoise-shell, Arcadia of the lyre was the name [given] and those under all the globe which Wisdom numbers sevenfold on the height of fame, who in dread buskin [i.e., stage costume for a tragedy] thundered the furies and hostile stars from heaven upon the homes of kings, and they who wore out wanton strength on sweet Thalia, or by a [metrical] foot crippled heroic ambitions. For having embraced all with spirit, the author lets it be known wide all the powers which may be spoken of, or if it pleased to refrain with Aonian rhythms, or if with voice loosened and freed to scatter rainstorms and harmonize with plain speaking.

Lay forth, Parthenope, from the sudden dust the half-demolished faces, and breathe from the mount and place [thy] hair upon the tombs and sunken burial of a great offspring, whom not any of the heights of [Athenian] Munychia and shrewd Cyrene better excelled or bold Sparta gave birth to. If you were cast from an obscure stock, lacking of fame and with no holding in the race, you had approved him a fellow Euboean citizen with you and more of the Greeks than is thought of [one with] blood. So often joined with yours he surpassed the times, when in laudatory verse he would sing at the appointed quinquennial feasts; with an expression exceeding the Pylian of old and the face of the Dulichian monarch and a brow bound up with the splendor of either. You were not deformed born of obscure blood, nor without the light of noble birth (although the fortune of the parents was constrained by expenses); for Infancy with wealthy ceremony chose you to put aside purple mantle given with honor of lineage and the aristocratic gold of the breast. In [your] coming out at once the Aonian sisters smiled with favor, and Apollo, already charming to me, lowered and dipped the lyre of the boy into the sacred river. The glory of fatherland is not simple, and the origin of birth depends on an ambiguous contest of a twin lands [i.e., Rome and Greece.] Grecian Elea reports you derived from their tribe of Latin colonists, where the ships master [i.e., Palinurus] was vigilant [but] perished unhappily in the midst of the waves; yet from thence a greater from his long line of life it [i.e., Elea] approved...Parthenope [i.e., ostensible gap in text]...other and different cities compete as birth places of [that] Homer they all commend; [but] he [i.e., Homer] is not a true [son] with these, the glory of fraud maintains [a] huge [count of] victims. And there, while you offer life years of well wishing [i.e., in the way of poetry], promptly are you taken to contests of ancestral purification hardly [meant] be be completed [even] by [grown] men, [so] swift and daring [you were] by nature for renown. The Euboean common folk were in awe at the youthful songs and parents showed you to [their] children. From whence your voice was frequent, and not without glory, at sacred battles: not as often did green Therapnae applaud at Castor's racing course or the triumphant brother [i.e., Pollux] at a boxing bout. But if inclined to have been victorious at home [then]: what a prize [it is] now to merit being covered betimes with the boughs of Phoebus, now with the grass of Lerna, now with the Athamantian pine, yet with so many times having been wearied, did you nowhere bring forth boughs, did Victory [ever] take away [from you] or touch the hair of another?

Here for you to be trusted with the pledge of the fathers and honored manliness, with you to be guided by a preceptor, to learn the customs and deeds of forbearers - who fell at Troy, how Ulysses was delayed, how many steeds and battles of men Maeonides maneuvered in verse, and how much the old man of Ascra [i.e.,

Hesiod] and [he] of Sicily [i.e., Epicharmus] enriched the patriotic peasants, where, with convention prevailed upon, the voice of Pindar's lyre might return, and Ibycus entreated of the birds, and Alcman was sung by the gloomy Amyclae, fierce Stesichorus, and reckless Sappho, not dreading the Leucadian cliffa, having undertaken the manly leap [i.e., in the taking of her own life], and those others the lyre has deigned worthy. [It was for] you to spread the learned songs of Battus' son [i.e., Callimachus] and the hiding places of wily Lycophron, of obscure Sophron, and the the refined mysteries of Corinna. Yet why do I speak trifles? You were accustomed to bear equal yoke with Homer and to match hexameters with liberated verses, while never suffering what is more brief to be relinquished. What wonder, if those who left homelands seek you out, those from the Lucanian field, those from the mountains of stern Daunus, those that wept over the neglected home for Venus and the country of Alcides or the maid from the Sorrento's summit that cast a watch on the Tyrrhenian deep, which nearer the bay with the war trumpet and oar, was observed long ago by one from the Ausonian hills, by a sojourner from a hearth-god of Cyme, which they sent from the port of Dicarchus and Baiae's shore, where, with the deep mixed with middling shallows, fire breathes on the waters and homes watch over hidden passions? Thus to Avernus' rocks and the dark cave of the Sibyl came peoples from every side asking; she sung omens of the Fates and deeds of the gods, a not ineffective prophetess despite foiled Phoebus. Soon also you instruct the future princes and the shoot of Romulus and stand firm, leading into the footsteps of the fathers. Under you thrived the Dardanian searcher of the secret fire, who hides the inner sanctums of furtive Diomede, and from thence the boy became acquainted with the sacred rite; being one to approve you showed arms to the Salii and certain forewarnings of the skies to augurers; to whom is the right to recite Chalcidic song, why the hair of Phrygian flames could be concealed, and your many strokes gathered up [which] the Luperci feared.

And now perhaps one from that company gives laws to Eastern nations, another keeps in check Iberians, another at Zeugma shuts out Persian Achaemenids, these curb the wealthy of Asia, these other those of Pontus, these improve the forums with peace-maintaining laws, these hold dutiful station at the camp: you are the source of praise. To shape youthful hearts, neither Nester or Phoenix, guide of an untamed ward, contended to shape youthful hearts for you, nor Chiron who, with Aecides wishing to hear sharp trumpets and bugles, subdued him with a different song.

While you celebrate such excellent things, suddenly Erinys [i.e., a Fury], from the Tarpeian mount, stirred the fire and provoked battles in Phlegra. The Capitol houses are alight with sacrilegious pine torches, and the cohorts of Latium took up the Furies of the Senones [i.e., a Gallic tribe.] Scarcely the flames rest, nor yet had this funeral pyre of the gods settled, when at the firebrands you, with vigor, chant many consolations for the razed temples, and would, with affectionate countenance, mourn the captives and crushing blows. The Latin princes and Caesar, the avenger of the gods, are amazed, and from the midst of the fire the Father of divinities nods in assent. And now it was his mind to weep with pious song at Vesuvian conflagrations and groan at the destruction overhanging the native country, when the Father removing the mountain from the lands lifted it to the stars, and cast it far and wide upon the unhappy cities.

The tuneful groves of Boetia at the time striking me also, when from your race descending I spoke the goddesses receiving: for [it was] not so much for me the stars, oceans and lands, which custom owes to the parent [of poets], but whatever distinction you first bestowed on this lyre, is to hope for fame in the tomb and not to be uttered to the multitude. You were as like the Latin fathers, such as often I might flatter with song, and I the happy spectator of the gift that you might appear! Oh how bewildering to weep with joyful prayers and respectful fears amidst glad modesty! How that day was yours, how for me there was no greater glory! When such observes the youth he begot on Olympian sand, the more the one strikes, the more he is slain deep within the heart; the spectators attend, he is watched by the great Achaneans, while frequently he covered up [his] eyes with a draught of dust and vows to die for a captured crown. [Alas] that for him so great under you a witness, I bore on the head only ancestral leaves, gifts of Ceres, and Chalcidic garlands. Hardly could the field of Dardanian Alba contain you, if through me you might carry off wreathes bestowed by the hand of Caesar! What strength to supply that day, how much of old age it was able to take away! For since the [award of] oak tree did not mixed with the [award of] olive [honor] press me, and hoped for honor has fled: how sweetly [it is that] you should take hold the unattainable [prize] of the Tarpeian Father! With you as our teacher, the "Thebiad" followed on the ancient first steps of the poets; You roused my song, laid out the deeds of heroes, and taught the bounds and settings of territories. Without you a path with uncertain bound fails for me and and the sails of a ship made destitute darken. Not only did

you foster me with ample devotion: such also [were you] in [your] marriage. With one pine torch was marriage known to you, one love, certainly now I cannot separate [from you my] mother in the icy ashes; she feels with and holds you, she sees the tombs and greets you at dawn and sun's setting, as others in feigned piety honor and bewail Pharian or Mygdonian funerals in sorrow not their own.

Why should I report the customs of weight known by their keeping? What loyalty, how worthless [is] greed, what care of modesty, how much love of [what is] right? And again when with delight to be relaxed, what grace with words? How would old men be without a soul? With these things you have merited fame and kind praises, and a judge with concern for the gods pardoned not a sad wound. Your are taken, father, not unworthy of old age, not excessive, and joining thrice ten quinquennia purification ceremonies borne. But piety and grief do not permit me to number [time.] Oh that you might exceed transcending Nestor's age and equal that of old Priam, [indeed] worthy to see me likewise [i.e., to such an age!] Yet not for you a door of gloomy death: by all means gentle circumstances, nor, with death pressing, did a slow lapse into senility send the limbs to the sepulcher, But inert torpor and death mirroring rest set you forth and in a false sleep bore you below to Tartarus. What groaning from I then, - the band of [my] comrades watched anxiously, and mother saw the likeness [i.e., to the father] and rejoicing knew [me.] What lamentation I produced! Allow pardon, shades, to have it spoken rightly, father: you could not have granted me more. Happy he [who], with unencumbered arms, has enclosed a father: and would wish, though he will be located at the seat of Elysium, to snatch and carry [him] away again through Danaan shadows; attempting and struggling living steps into Tarturus and the aged priestess of underworld Diana conveyed [him]; thus a lesser cause brought the lyre of Odrysa to languid Avernus; If one day returned the shade of Protesilaus, why father should either your harp or mine obtain naught [from the] spirits? Thus it is right for me to touch the father's face, right to have hands joined; let whatever law follow [as a result.]

Yet you, kings of the shades and Ennean Juno [i.e., Proserpine], if my prayer be approved, take away the pine torches and [snaky] tresses of the Eumenides; let the cruel porter sound not [i.e., not bark] at the gate, let distant valleys keep Centaurs, Hydras and Scylla's monster's in darkness, and let the final boatman invite aged shades, with common people struck down, to the banks and settle them gently amid the seagrass. Go, blessed spirits and crowds of Greek poets, scatter with Lethaean garlands the illustrious soul, and present the grove, which no Fury [ever] invaded, where there is no false day and with air most resembling heaven. Yet from thence may you come, where the better gate of horn succeeds niggardly ivory, and in a dream imagine show what one is accustomed to. Thus the sacred nymph, from under the Arician cavern, declared to Numa to maintain the peaceful rites, thus it is believed by the Ausonians for Scipio to command full visions of Latian Jove, thus Sulla was not without Apollo.

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IV. Sleep.

By what crime or what error, Sleep, most placid youth of the gods, have I deserved misfortune, from those gifts of yours that I solely need? In each flocks is silent the birds and beasts and the curved mountain peaks simulate weary slumbers, not the same sound as with wild rivers: dread from the ocean subsides, and the seas quieting lie down with the land. Seven times now returning Phoebe gazes at me standing with ailing eyes; as many [times] as the [starry] lamps of Octa and Paphos revisit and as often as Tithonia passes by our complaints, and, we pitied, she lays on with an icy blow. On what will I [be able to] suffice? Not if sacred Argus was supporting me with a thousand alternate eyes, nor ever remained awake [but] with the body entire. But now alas! If anyone being bound under the night holding the long arms of a girl. repels you further, oh Sleep, from hence come [to me], not that I insist you with all pinions to pour upon my eyes - this a happier throng beseeches -: it is sufficient you touch me with the extreme tip of the wand, or with hovering knee [i.e., step?] lightly cross over.

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# V. Lament for His Young Manservant.

Wretched me! For not with any solemn words could I begin, hated now [as I am] by tuneful waves of Castalia and by grave Phoebus. What secret rites of yours, Pierian sisters, what altars have we defiled? Speak, following the punishment it should be permitted that the crime be spoken. Surely I did not put down footsteps in an unapproachable sacred grove? Or drink from a forbidden spring? What so great guilt, what error [is it that] we atone for? Behold at these expiring arms, our vitals grasping, the breath of the child is wrenched away, one who indeed bears neither my lineage, name or face; I was not the father, yet see the tears and livid cheeks and believe the weepings of one childless: I childless. Here fathers and mothers with open heart ought come together; bring you ashes and blame with [your] eyes, she who, if beneath full breasts, carried herself with drooping step to child funerals, sank under drenched bosoms, and with [her] milk quenched burning embers. Whoever has yet plunged a youth stamped with the flower of tender years into ash and next saw cruel flames crawling on the young person so laid down, let them attend and gape with me in successive wailing: he will be outdone in tears, and, you, Nature, will blush. So great the savagery, so great is the madness of my grief. Here too I struggle, when thrice ten days devastated, inclined to the tomb, and I turn lamenting to discordant songs and with sobbing words undertake verses: you wish the utterances of the lyre, and anger is impatient with being silent. Yet the customary laurels on the crown are not for me, nor is it an honor on the brow to wear a sacred vitta [i.e., a fillet] [now,] lo a yew forest will wither the hairs, and weeping cypress ward off cheerful ivy boughs; I strike not chords with an ivory thumb [i.e., quill or plucking device], but unsure I rend the frantic harp with stuttering fingers. Alas, it helps, it helps undeserving disheveled song to pour out and lay bare wretched sorrow. Have I thus so merited? And thus should the gods gaze with divine disfavor on my thinking to sing? Might it [i.e., my singing] shame Thebes and young Achilles? Will nothing mild now flow from speech? I was he - how often! - who could charmingly soothe the wounds of mother, father and grieving widows, I the gentle consoler of those mourning heard by bitter posterity and shades of the tomb, I seek cures and a healing hand for injuries my own, from the highest, and I fail. Now is the time, friends, of which I wipe eyes and gashes in the breasts outpouring: deliver succor, absolve cruel thanks [owed.] Doubtless when I your funerals with mournful rhythms [lacuna in text...] reproaching: "You who suffer others' loss, put back unhappy tears and preserve sorrowful songs." It was true: with powers and abundance exhausted naught was to be said by me, and the mind found nothing worthy for so crushing a blow: pardon me, lad, every voice and all words seemed mean and inadequate: you cover me with a mournful mist. Ah! Hard it was, if seeing he finds the dear spouse to be wounded, that Thracian Orpheus should sweetly have sung, or if Apollo, taking in the grave of [beloved poet] Linus, had not been silent. Perhaps I am perhaps spoken of as too zealous in grief and weeping and to have exceeded shame? Moreover for whom do you take away our groans and lamentations? Too happy beyond measure, too cruel and free of your restraint, oh Fortune, is he who ventures to pronounce law to wailings and decree the limits of sorrowing! Alas that mourning enrages; better you should detain and hinder swift fires or rivers flying the banks than forbid the miserable to despair. However severe and whoever he is, let him know the cause of our distresses.

I learning loved, not talkative delights of Egyptian markets from the ship and the childish chatter of the Nile, the too much impudent and witty tongue: he [was] mine, mine. I beheld the anointed falling with the earth, but I cherished [him] with fecund song, and demanding of life, sowed new airs with his trembling [infant] cries. What more could parents bestow? In fact freedom and other beginnings I gave you, little one, [while] beneath milking breasts, when as yet ungrateful you would laugh at our reward. [My] love may have hurried, but it hurried rightly, lest liberty might any day be lost to one so small. Surely from thence might not I disheveled strike envy and the unjust gods of Tartarus? Shall I not bemoan you, dear boy? With what is safe and sound [already given], I did not desire sons, whom having been begotten for me, at once I was fixed and engaged with the first dawn, to whom I taught sounds and words, and unraveled complaints and hidden hurts, and crawling below I having descended raised to our kisses, and now with coaxing bosom, now the cheeks sinking to sleep, to summon kind slumber. For whom the first speech was my name, and the laughter of tender play, and from our face came joys...

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lights: the humble good sense of Nestor-like Crispus and Fabius Veiente - the purple marks each as mighty, thrice by name have they filled the list of memorial festivals - and Acilius, near to the confines of Caesar's palace.

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